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CONTINENTAL
EXCURSIONS;
OR,
TOURS

INTO
FRANCE,
SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY,
IN 1782, 1787, AND 1789.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF
PARIS,
AND THE
GLACIERES OF SAVOY:

TO THIS ARE ADDED,
OBSERVATIONS UPON THE DISPOSITIONS
OF THE FRENCH, PREVIOUS TO
THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENNINGTON, M. A.
RECTOR OF THORLEY, HERTS,
CHAPLAIN TO EDWARD LORD ELLENBOROUGH,
AND LATE FELLOW OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

Nos patriæ fides, et dulcia linquimus arva.

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CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS.

Geneva, Oct. 4, 1787.

WE set off at five in the morning, from Chamoni, and went along the Arveron to the foot of a mountain called le Col de Bal; this with great difficulty and fatigue we went up; the snow was here in such quantities, that we fell down several times in it. But the descent of this mountain was dreadful indeed; rocks, roots, and fallen trees, covered a narrow path, which in many places was almost perpendicular. We were about four hours going up and down this

mountain,* and were completely tired, when we got to the bottom, as we had led our horses the whole way, and with great difficulty got them along; my companion's, one time, was quite entangled in the trees; and I with difficulty assisted him to get him out. At the foot of the mountain, we dismissed our guide, that we had taken in the morning from Chamoni, and gave him six livres, which he had well earned by his care of us and our horses.

This mountain separates Savoy from Switzerland, and we now entered into the canton of Valais. But as we have now done with Savoy, I cannot help mentioning, that it is a delightful country; the cottages are scarce but very neat, and the Savoyards civil and obliging; the goitre† prevails much

* This was much more fatiguing than la Montagne Verte.

† A great swelling under the throat like a wen.

in this mountainous country, and we observed many idiots; and there is such superstition prevails about them, that families do not think they flourish unless they have one among them, and they are consequently very kindly treated. They speak a patois, between French and Italian, but all the guides speak French.

The next mountain which we had to encounter, though not so bad as the former, was a very disagreeable one; we were two hours descending, as the descent as usual was much worse than the ascent, as it is longer, and full of loose stones, and rocks, and excessively steep: this brought us to Martinach. This is but twenty-four miles from Chamoni, and we were eight hours going it; owing to the mountains, and the badness of the roads; we had walked sixteen of the twenty-four miles; the view, as we descended the last mountain, was de-

lightful. On each side were fine meadows, with cows, sheep, and goats grazing, and hardy Swiss girls attending them without shoes or stockings; above, were ranges of mountains, with firs growing almost to the top, and above these, others with their summits covered with snow almost in the clouds. The red cottages in clumps add not a little to the scene; their mode of architecture here is very simple; for they are built with pieces of fir piled up and painted red; in make, they much resemble our barns; they have nothing even to imitate a window. Here we saw wheat sown for the following year, above a foot high, on account of the snow and frost; and just before in Savoy, we had seen some harvesting. The gardens all round were in a high state of cultivation.

Martinach is a small town situated in a fine valley, and has a fort or rather a castle overlooking it, built on

a rock which is beautiful; here, as in Savoy, the steeples of the churches are in general covered with tin; which reflected upon by the Sun looks very pretty at a distance. We were at la Grande Maison; a very good inn, which had a room thirty feet in length, as it had belonged to a man of fashion: here, as in Savoy, the women all wear little round hats which just cover the tops of their heads. The Canton of Valais is a catholic one.

At Martinach there is a fine view of the mountains of Switzerland; there are in this country, several Glacieres but they are reckoned inferior to those of Savoy. As we have now quitted the mountains and are got into the plain, I will finish this letter and reserve the rest of my tour back again to Geneva, to a future letter.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Oct. 4, 1787.

THE inns in Savoy and Switzerland are much cleaner than those of France; and they also give you knives to your forks, whereas in France, you are expected to bring your knives with you. The common people speak a patois, and the women in both countries, have their hair braided, and often tied like that of the men.

They count here by batzes, a batz is worth three sous of France and four of Geneva, and also by cruches, a cruche is about a quarter of an écu neuf or six livers of France. Gold is hardly to be found among them except what foreigners bring. Each country has it's coin, and does not take that of another, which is a great inconvenience to travellers.

The principal people of this flourishing country, are a consul and the bailies which govern it by rotation.

We saw also many persons in this mountainous country afflicted with the goitre, and observed as before, many foolish ones among them. From Martinach to St. Maurice it is nine miles ; we passed over the river Danch, the source of which we afterwards saw.

Two leagues farther we came to the famous waterfall called Pisse Vache, which was one of the objects of our journey. This is a very fine one, and as nearly as I could guess about a hundred feet in height, and amazingly rapid, it's breadth is several yards. The smoke, or rather froth of it, comes quite into the road, at one hundred yards distance. We were completely wet through, in going to examine it, though we were not very near it. St. Maurice is a neat town romantically situ-

ated on the Rhone, which we passed on a stone bridge, it is here broad and rapid, though it is not a great way from its source.

St. Maurice is pretty strongly fortified, a league farther, is the pretty village of Bex, where we supped and remained all night at l'Ours, an excellent inn; in which we recovered the fatigue we had gone through in our journey from Chamoni.

From Martinach the road was beautiful; with mountains, and the cottages as usual interspersed, cows grazing all the way, with bells on their necks, which had a pleasing effect.

Bex is in the protestant canton of Berlin; which is the largest of any, it is situated in a fine rich valley. The houses here are chiefly built of stone, but the windows are deep and heavy, which gives them a dull look.

The gardens are neat, and highly

cultivated, and more resembled those of England, than any we had yet seen. At the inns, which are very good, they bring you honey and grapes for breakfast ; but they do not excell in wine, which is very dear.

From Bex we walk to the subterranean passages distant about four miles, up a sharp mountain ; these contain a grand reservoir for the salt pits, which are about two miles below.

Here we dressed ourselves for the occasion, and took off our coats and waistcoats and hats, and put on a gown and cap, as the sulphureous stench would have spoiled our clothes ; and a curious figure we made.

The length of the passage under ground is one thousand paces ; the height six and breadth four.

The old reservoir room is very large ; one hundred feet long, eighty broad and fourteen high ; as the water failed

there, they were building a new one at some distance.

The fountain of salt water is seventy five feet deep. Although this was very curious, I was not sorry to quit it, and get on terra firma, for the guide who attended us with a flambeau, beat it against every corner which we passed, (and they were pretty numerous,) to increase its light, and if it had been extinguished, I know not how we should have found our way out of the cavern, in spite of the ingenious assertions of our guide.

I will finish my tour to Geneva, in my next, which by this time I believe you will not be sorry for, as I fear you begin to be tired with the prolixity of

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Oct. 4, 1787.

WE proceeded from Bex to Evian, distant from it twenty seven miles, two leagues from Bex is l' Argle, a small town, from whence we went into a bye-road which brought us to the Rhone, which is here broad and rapid: just by, is an old fortification called Fort Chasselle, beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain, which we went quite round to the lake of Geneva, and came to it in that part where the Rhone empties itself into it.

We were now once more in Savoy, which is here separated from Switzerland by the Rhone. From hence to Evian it is eighteen miles, and a delightful road, through a wood along the banks of the lake, commanding a fine

prospect of the towns and houses on the opposite shore, which we should have enjoyed more, if it had rained less; but we arrived at Evian completely drenched. About three miles from Evian, we passed by Mignaret village and rocks, made famous by the pen of Rousseau.

Evian is a small town, prettily built along the lake, but the streets are narrow and dirty, there is, however, a very good inn at it.

This place is twenty seven miles from Geneva.

We set off as usual, early in the morning, and went along the lake for the first five miles till we came to Thounot; a neat town with seven convents in it, as we were still in Savoy, a Roman Catholic country.

Afterward the road quitted the lake and went through a finely cultivated country; full of vineyards, corn-fields, and fruit of all kinds.

'The road is excellent quite as far as Geneva, which has a noble appearance from a hill at a small distance from it.

Thus ended our four days journey, which would have been pleasanter; had we not been obliged, owing to the mountains we were to pass over, to rise every morning at four or five, and walk till we were quite fatigued. Our horses also were very dull, and generally tired before they had performed their journey, though we eased them so much by walking; my companion's more than once fell down with him, yet for foreign hacks, they would have been reckoned very good by those who knew not the luxury of an English horse; and, indeed, we once contrived to make them go nine leagues without stopping.

This journey was above one hundred and fifty miles, which we performed in four days; which, consider-

ing the bad roads and the mountains we crossed, among which was the famous Col de Bal, was very great. I suppose for variety, grand scenery, &c. this journey can be hardly equalled; mountains, vallies, cascades, and the noblest objects occur to make it interesting. I could have wished to have had longer time to enjoy it, but my companion's time was limited, and we were obliged to return sooner than we otherwise should.

Thus finished our excursion, and I wish the reading it may prove nearly as satisfactory to you, as performing it was to us. In my next I shall pursue my journey,

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Oct. 5, 1787.

THIS is a very handsome city, the houses are lofty and well-built, of stone ; it is about a league in circumference. The famous beautiful lake comes close to it.

The Rhone, as they tell you, runs through the lake; and they even go so far as to tell you that they can discern the colour of it. ‘*Sic fabula narratur.*’

Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the lake; the Alps are on one side, and the mountains which separate Franche Comté from Bresse on the other.

If to this be added gentlemen’s seats, a fine country, &c. and the whole will be complete.

Geneva is strongly fortified, and has a garrison of nine hundred men. The walks on the ramparts are beautiful.

I have made an excursion on the lake, but they charge strangers very dear for a boat, but the scene I enjoyed was well worth paying for.

I regret that I cannot stay longer here at present ; but hope to visit it at a future period. I shall set off in the mail-coach this afternoon for Berne and Bale, and will write the first opportunity.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Bale, Oct. 8, 1787.

I SET off as I intended in the mail-coach ; which, though not so handsome as an English carriage, is very convenient, and goes six miles an hour. I think I see you smiling at the idea of my going in a mail-coach to see places ; but have patience, I shall by and by go slow enough in a very tedious vehicle.

Two miles from Geneva, we entered the territory of France, at Versoix ; which, however, we soon quitted for the Canton of Berne.

Lausanne is thirty miles from Geneva, situated on a high hill, two or three miles from the lake. The road we came from Geneva was very pretty, part of the way along the lake ;

but we were obliged to a full-moon for a sight of it, or should have fared but badly.

I had only one companion, a Swiss gentleman, who explained the places, &c. to me, and was very obliging.

From Lausanne to Berne it is twenty leagues. We arrived at this last place at half past nine in the morning.

Among other places we passed through Mouret, a small fortified town built on the lake of the same name; which is about a league long and half a league broad.

The entrance to Berne is very handsome, and its fine appearance strikes a stranger much.

It is built of clear stone, with piazzas. The public buildings are also very fine, and there are noble fountains in the streets; as in all the towns of Switzerland almost. The country about it is also beautiful; as I fortunately found a very good coach setting

off for Bale, this was an opportunity not to be slighted; as in this country, which is not like England, these conveyances are not often met with; though, I must say, I went with reluctance, as a stranger ought to stay some days at Berne to see all which is in that celebrated city.

From Berne to Bale it is fourteen leagues; and the only place which you pass through of any consequence is Soleure.

You may observe that I travel very rapidly, and soon go from Geneva to Bale, about one hundred and forty miles. But it is *malgré moi*; I yield to imperious necessity, in hopes, as I have told you, of passing a longer time in this beautiful country. I will write to you again soon.

Yours, &c.

Bale, Oct. 9, 1787.

THIS is a very large old dull heavy-looking town ; and on just quitting Berne the contrast is very remarkable. It is famous for the residence of the great Erasmus, who was born at Rotterdam, and was the ornament of the age in which he lived. The beauty of the country ceases at Bale ; and we were obliged to lower our ideas, and be contented without mountains, lakes, &c. &c. which I had just quitted.

The Rhine is here both broad and rapid.

Both at Berne and Bale, German is more spoken than French ; though I have hitherto done pretty well with the latter language. I am at an inn beautifully situated, looking on the Rhine.

les Trois Rois ; they are civil people, and I would recommend it to all travellers.

I now shall not travel so rapidly, I have just taken my place in the German waggon to Strasburgh ; which I am told, is one of the most slow, stupid conveyances imaginable, but I am determined to try all, at least I shall see characters. So wish me success. I shall have plenty of time to write now in my slow vehicle.

Yours, &c.

Strasburgh, Oct. 12, 1787.

I SET off from Bale as I had intended, in the German waggon. There are two roads to Strasburgh, on different sides of the Rhine: one by Hunningen and New Brisac on the left; the other, on the right, by Old Brisac, &c.

The waggon took the right or German side. This curious vehicle carried ten inside passengers, and had a basket fixed before for outside ones. I know not to what I can compare it; except to Noah's Ark as it is represented to us. It had no glasses, but some heavy leather curtains, in a sad tattered state, which not being fastened, blew backwards and forwards; the weather was very cold, and we travelled day and night, so you may ima-

gine it was not a very agreeable conveyance; and we went *en pas*, alias a foot pace, from Bale to Strasburgh, ninety miles.

This vehicle was drawn by four bad horses. They were all German passengers, and the conversation was carried on in that language; and I should have had a dull time, had it not been for the politeness of a young man who spoke French*.

The country about Bale is pretty, and the vineyards much higher than in Burgundy; nearly of the height of our hop-ground in England the third year.

Three miles from Bale, we came into the territory of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach; but the Margravate is here dull, flat, and disagreeable. We stopped at a dirty alehouse, the sign of the Two Horsemen, to refresh ourselves; which did not give us the most favour-

* Little as I was in Germany, I often found the inconvenience of not understanding the language.

able ideas of a German house of entertainment.

At the end of seven leagues we came to Millheim, a small village and post, where we supped. The inn-keepers here are rather boorish, and not more civil than those of Switzerland. As I am tired, I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

WE arrived early in the morning at Friedbourg, a large old town with a handsome church. This is in the dominions of the Emperor. It is surrounded with mountains; and the streets are broad, with a stream running through all of them. But the town is dull, as are most of the German ones: we found, however, in the Bear an excellent and reasonable inn. We treated our ladies, and had all manner of things, different kinds of meat, tea, coffee, rolls, &c. and paid seven-pence each.

We next came to Amindgham, three leagues from the last town belonging to the Margrave of Baden, who succeeded to both the Badens by the death

of the last Margrave. This part of his states is Lutheran. Dined two leagues farther at Kensighen, in the Circle of Austria belonging to the Emperor; this change of states is very frequent here.

This is a small disagreeable town on the river Kensigh. Here we dined at the Eagle, which clawed us completely; for it was a bad and dear house.

In the evening we came to Auffbourg, a broad town; as most of the German ones in this part are. We here left our waggon, and proceeded in a better carriage, which still had leather curtains. We next came to Quelle, an inn* four leagues from the last town and one from Strasburgh.

In the villages which we passed through, there was a great appearance of plenty; and the common people

* These solitary inns are frequent here.

seemed very comfortable. The men smoke much and wear sharp pointed hats. The women have their hair stuck up behind like a pudding.

They are forwarder, however, than the French in many things; for instance, their waggons, which are drawn by oxen, are light, and neatly made.

The postillions have not in general the jack boots. You give them for every post six cruitzers, about four sous; but as well as the innkeepers, they are very apt to be impertinent.

We crossed the Rhine on a long wooden bridge near a quarter of a mile long, at some distance from Strasburgh, at which place I was glad to arrive, heartily tired and jolted. I had walked a great deal to save my bones; I paid about fifteen shillings for this curious carriage.

The Rhine here separates the dominions of the Emperor and king of

France. You are by this time pretty tired, so I will release you.

Yours, &c.

Strasburgh, Oct. 12, 1787.

THIS is a large old city, with that noble river the Rhine running near it. The cathedral, which is an admirable building, is the chief ornament of it.

This is the capital of Alsace, conquered by Lewis the fourteenth, and annexed to his dominions; and a very fertile province it is, particularly in corn.

I had this morning an opportunity of hearing part of a Lutheran Sermon. The preacher had much action, and was very vociferous, his dress was a gown and ruff, like that worn in Queen Elizabeth's time; although the town belongs to the French, the language chiefly spoken is the German.

This place is well fortified, and you

enter it by two gates, and the moats are of a considerable breadth. I was at the hotel d'Esprit, a good inn.

The famous clock is suffered to be out of repair; there are about fifty thousand inhabitants, and a curious mixture there is of French and Germans.

I have luckily found a very good English chariot, and have agreed with the driver to take me to Manheim; he has only one passenger, a young lady; so I am likely to have a pleasant journey. I will write from Manheim.

Yours, &c.

Manheim, Oct. 14, 1787.

WE set off, as I informed you was my intention, in a very handsome English chariot, with plate glasses and a pair of excellent horses, and I found myself seated by a very pretty girl, drest in the Strasburgh fashion, and her hair plastered up in the costume du païs.

I promised myself great pleasure from her conversation; but on accosting her, judge of my surprise, when she shook her head and did not answer me; I first thought that she was dumb, but her smiles, signs, and good humoured looks, added to a face of great expression, soon convinced me that she could only speak German.

Thus alas I was not only doomed to

silence, but prevented knowing the names of the places, besides being deprived of the conversation of my pretty fellow traveller. †

In short our situation was truly ludicrous, and I never had so ridiculous a tête-à-tête in my life.

The coachman could only speak German; so that it was only by chance I could catch the names of any places.

As all the places end in *eim* almost here; we arrived at Frezenheim at seven, six leagues from Strasburgh; after having stopped about half way to refresh the horses, with brown bread and salt, and washed it down with beer.

We went to Caversham* the second night, and, setting off from thence at five; for my fair fellow traveller was an early riser; got to Spires to breakfast.

* In all the villages in this country, however small, they have regular watchmen, as we found at Frezenheim, Caversham, &c.

fast. I had discovered by accident, that she was the daughter of an eminent wine-merchant, at Spire; and she had contrived to make me know, that she was going no farther, so I was prepared for my loss; indeed I was very sorry to part with her, as we began to understand each other pretty well, and she had a very intelligent countenance, and gave many a good German scream at the bad road we came through. I arrived at this place in very good time, having paid one shilling and six-pence for my chariot from Strasburgh, and three shillings and ten pence for my expences on the road; and was well accommodated all the way. I shall not write till I arrive at Bruxelles.

Bruxelles, Oct. 24, 1787.

I REMAINED but a short time at Manheim, or Mentz; in the latter city, for want of understanding German, I could not find my inn for some hours; as French is but little spoken there. At last by pointing and making hideous faces, I contrived to make them understand *Trois Crowns*, the inn where I was, and a monk came and addressed me in Latin, when it was too late. It is astonishing with what fluency many of them speak this language.

The Palatinate is a rich country, and the peasants are fine stout men, and have the appearance of being very comfortable and happy. Mentz is a very old and gloomy city, but famous for the

art of printing being discovered here by Peter Scheffer, in 1450.

I regretted much that my time, which was limited, would not permit my going to Francfort on the Maine; as there are passage boats every day, to and from it, on this river.

As I was too late for the large passage boat, going to Cologne, I embarked in a smaller one, and overtook it at Bingen, where we stayed all night; and next night at Overlanstein, where there were but two beds for the whole company, and I slept on straw in a paltry alehouse. The thick fogs in the morning prevented our setting out early, as in some parts the navigation is dangerous; and when we set out, owing to the numerous tolls, we had abundance of time to admire the delightful scenery, which was enhanced by its being the time of vintage. I reserve a more particular account of this interesting

voyage till I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I hope will be soon.

(I forgot to tell you, that I went in a style, post from Manheim, with the post boy's horn blowing, which is much preferable to the smacking the whip of the French. I paid fifteen cruitzers a mile.) I arrived at Cologne the third day heartily tired with the incessant smoking, and other dirty tricks of my *compagnons du voyage*. Added to this, only one could speak French; and when I put several questions to him, about the country places, &c. taking his pipe out of his mouth, with the most provoking phlegm, he constantly answered, "mais, Monsieur, c'est que j' ignore,*" when I was on the very tiptoe of expectation.

From Cologne I went in the diligence to Aix la Chapelle, where I had

* I know nothing about the matter.

nearly been laid up with illness ; as on coming in hot and dusty and tired, I plunged into the hot bath.' It had the same temporary effect with me as with Alexander the Great, when plunging into the river Cydnus ; with this difference, that I recovered the next morning, and it shall make me more cautious for the future. Almost all the inns at Aix have baths in them.

From Aix, I went to Liege, a dirty large old town, pestered with beggars and full of monks : and from thence forty eight miles to Louvain, 'through a dull, flat, uninteresting country.

That celebrated university I found almost deserted ; I might have seen the colleges, but without students. 'This is a material injury to the cause of learning, and the town people complain much, as it is a great hurt to their town.

From Louvain to this place, eighteen miles, I went in the Brussels dili-

gence, there were twelve passengers and eight horses, but we were all very well accommodated, and sat in elbow chairs. So that in the whole I was comfortably situated. I will now release you from this long letter,

and am,

Yours, &c.

Bruxelles, Oct. 25, 1787.

I SHALL make but a short stay at Bruxelles ; as I find there every thing in confusion on account of the brouilleries between the Emperor and the Brabançons.

I was immediately obliged to buy a medallion, on one side of which was the Belgic lion, and on the other, these words, ‘ *Libertas Brabantia*,’ none could pass easily without wearing this. They are violent against the Emperor, who, they say, is not content with taxing them to the utmost, but wishes also to deprive them of their privileges, and of the Joyeuse Entrée, which is the Magna Charta of the Brabançons. This is certain, that no part of his dominions is more pro-

ductive than this ; and Charles quint was perfectly sensible of the value of the Low Countries, though his son, Philip the second, lost great part of them by his tyrannical conduct.

It is unfortunate that the Emperor, who by all accounts has many good qualities, should be ill-advised in this affair, which may prove the occasion of a civil war.

I feel myself quite at home in this city, but propose setting off to-morrow to Calais by Ghent, Lille, and St. Omer, as it is not a comfortable sejour at present.

Yours, &c.

Ghent, Oct. 26, 1787.

I SET off from Bruxelles at eight in the morning, and arrived at five at Ghent; I had never been this road, so that at least it had novelty to recommend it. Four leagues and a half from Bruxelles is Ath, a small village; and the last in Brabant. After this, that plentiful country, Flanders, begins; two and a half, Alost, a large town with broad streets, and a very handsome Grande Place. The houses are all white, and give it a gay appearance. There is no place between this and Ghent.

The road, though flat, is tolerably pleasant in some places, and woody; the fields highly cultivated, and the people look rich and contented.

It is ten leagues from Bruxelles to

Ghent. I paid four shillings for my place in the diligence, and two shillings for supper, bed, &c.

The gates and fortifications at Ghent are demolished like the other towns of the Emperor. Barriers in the neighbourhood are very frequent, and you pay for each horse to a carriage two-pence, and sometimes four-pence.

I was at milord Champon's, *sur la place*, so created by the English, a good and reasonable house.

Adieu,

Your's, &c.

Lille, Oct. 27, 1787.

I SET off at six for Lille, breakfasted at la Fontaine at Peteghem : three leagues off, prettily situated on the Lys, which empties itself into the Escaut or Scheldt at Ghent.

Five more, Courtray, a large handsome town, with broad streets. The houses are well built, and there is a great linen manufactory : here also the fortifications are demolished. This is situated on the Lys. Two more, Menin ; here we join the Ostend road.

At Alouin, a village close by, the dominions of the Emperor end, and those of France begin. This road is in

several places very sandy, but there were some pretty woods, which changed the scene; and the Lys running along the road in several places was a great improvement to it.

A league from Peteghem is the town of Oudenarde, famous for the battle fought there, in which the duke of Marlborough defeated the French, commanded by the dukes of Burgundy and Vendome. It was fought in 1693.

All this country is very rich; abounding in corn, pasture, &c. and is justly called the garden of Europe; but they are taxed very high, the duty on a bottle of wine is about sixpence English money. They count here by escalins and plaquets.

It is thirteen leagues from Ghent to Lille; where we arrived at six. My expences this day, place included in the

diligence, were ten shillings. I shall set off for Calais by St. Omer tomorrow.

Yours, &c.

Calais, October 29, 1787.

I SET off early in the morning to St. Omer, and this diligence took the road by Armentieres, Bailleul, &c. and Cassel, instead of the Bethune road, as it is two leagues nearer.

This was the best diligence I had been in. The fare is only seven shillings and six-pence for forty-five miles; we went post, and seldom less than six miles an hour; we dined at the post on famous mount Cassel, famous for being high, in a low country: however, the view certainly is very fine and extensive. From this place to St. Omer it is five leagues of post.

We passed on our right near a fine abbey of women, the building is brick:

but large and handsome, and prettily situated. One league farther Aire, from whence there is a fine view of St. Omer, at the distance of two miles; where we arrived at the post house at five.

The next morning I set off for Calais, post. Five leagues Ardres. Just on the left, a small but strongly fortified town. Near this place was the famous interview between Henry the eighth and François premier; and the place is known by the name of le Champ de Drap d'Or.

The pride of these two kings and their ministers induced them to lavish vast sums on this occasion, which might have been applied to better purposes.

A little farther we passed over pont Sans Pareil; the vanity of the French has induced them to give it that name: though there are doubtless many others as extraordinary: we have one at

Crowland, in Lincolnshire, much resembling it.

It is certainly an elegant stone bridge, and under it pass four canals, Dunkirk, Calais, St. Omer, and Ardres; three leagues more Calais, in all it is eight leagues, but you pay ten post.

The road is at first hilly, and not unpleasant; but afterwards flat, marshy, and disagreeable. I arrived at Dessenin's at half past eleven, and am preparing to embark for England: and thus I have finished this little tour, which I hope has amused you. At least, it serves to show how truly

I am,

Yours, &c.

JOURNEY
TO THE
SOUTH OF FRANCE,
GENEVA, AND SWITZERLAND,

THROUGH THE ORLEANNOIS, BERRY, THE ROANNEZ, &c.
AND RETURN THROUGH ALSACE, &c. WITH AN
ACCOUNT OF AIX, SPA, &c.

IN
1789.

JOURNEY
TO THE
SOUTH OF FRANCE, &c.

Lille, Feb. 19, 1789.

ACCORDING to my promise, my dear friend, I sit down to give you an account of our occurrences in this continental expedition.

We had a very fine passage of three hours, but had sickness enough for the time. We went to Dessin's, and Mrs. P. was much pleased with that noble inn. We stayed a day at Calais, and went to the play at Dessin's, les Precieuses Ridicules of Moliere, and were much amused. The house was very full and the performers good.

Dessin has every thing in himself, play-house, billiard-room, &c. so that a traveller may amuse himself a day or two very well. The first thing which strikes a stranger on landing, is the dress of the women ; long black cloaks and hoods and no bonnets ; the high heavy houses contrasted with the English light ones ; and the monks lounging about the streets. We had not been at this inn an hour, before one came to us to solicit our charity. Dessin's is far from a dear house, there is an excellent table d'Hote. He has a noble remise, and you may hire, or buy a carriage of any sort, to proceed on your tour, and not unreasonable.

Mrs. P. was much pleased with this neat town, and the market place, in which most of the streets meet.

The harbour is very long, and there is a fine walk on the sides, where you are refreshed by sea breezes. But the

situation of the town is low and disagreeable.

There are several convents of men, and two of women; we went to the English Benedictines; Mrs. Grey, the superior, a venerable lady of eighty, was very polite to us, they had many English pensioners. The dutchess of Kingston, who still goes by that name, has a noble hotel at Calais.

Those people are much mistaken who think that on account of its vicinity to England, the manners of the people are not to be seen here, for the difference is as visible as in the towns farther in the country; we went to the church in the morning to see a marriage ceremony, and were much amused with the mumnery and the various forms which prevailed. Having paid a visit to our banker, we prepared to set off to St. Omer; we came back well loaded with above one hundred pounds, in crowns and half crown pieces; it is

necessary to have a strong trunk to carry your cash.

We set off to St. Omer, and had a fine journey to that town ; it struck us both, as a noble dull city ; we were at l'Hotel de Dunquerque, which is a very good and reasonable inn. The next day, we went by mont Cassel to Lille, as I wished much to show Mrs. P. that celebrated hill, which indeed is the only spot worth seeing the whole way ; and arrived at Lille, in the evening, where we propose staying a day or two.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Lille, Feb. 22, 1789.

I FOUND but little alteration in this beautiful city, since I first saw it, except that there are not nearly so many English in it. We are this time at l'Hotel du Portugal, which, though not so large as the two on the Grande Place, is a very good inn.

We have been at the play, and I was very glad to find a new theatre, as the old one was unworthy of so splendid a city ; there were several performers from Paris. I have been with Mrs. P. to mass, which is celebrated at all hours, this is a great advantage to a stranger ; they begin at six or seven in the morning, and it lasts with intermission as long as twelve. The service for each mass is very

short, and disfigured with mummerly and ceremonies. The office which answers to our evening service, lasts also a short time, but is much more simple.

The regular clergy chiefly officiate in their convents ; and the curés at the parochial churches. As I wish to show Mrs. P. the different modes of travelling, I shall treat her with a ride in a French diligence, and have taken places in the Cambray one, from whence we shall proceed to Paris. I will write to you from that city. We have very cold weather and very bad for travellers.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Paris, March 1, 1789.

WE set off in the Cambray diligence; a long vehicle, containing fourteen people; and breakfasted at Pont au Marc. Four farther, Douay, which appeared in the same light to me as before; as a dull heavy town, though large, very thin of inhabitants.

It is great pity that these fine large towns, which might be well peopled under an industrious government, should present such sad melancholy pictures of its want of energy. I imagine that this in a great measure is owing to the numerous religious societies, which are to be met with in every town in the Païs Bas; the inhabitants of which are so superstitious, that you see at

every corner of a street, bons Dieux and Virgin Marys.

From Douay we went to Cambray, where it rained so hard all day, that I was prevented shewing my companion that fine city.

The next day, we resumed our journey to this city, by Peronne, Gournay, &c. and arrived here completely jolted and fatigued. We have here a second winter, as it now snows very fast; bad weather for travellers.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Paris, March 9, 1789.

WE are at the same hotel at which I was before; and I find all Paris in a bustle, preparing for the meeting of the States.

The freedom of speech which I formerly remarked is now turned into complete licentiousness and scurrility. At all the coffee-houses they scruple not to abuse the whole royal family*, and many of the people of rank accuse them as the causes of the inconve-

* That they were guilty of great extravagance cannot be doubted; but not to so great a degree as was reported; for there was a set of persons employed to propagate these reports and foment divisions among the people. This unfortunate family, one of the oldest in Europe, now wanderers in foreign courts, have not only afforded an awful example to mankind of the vicissitudes of human grandeur; but one also at the expence of all other princes.

niences which the people suffer. Notwithstanding, at Versailles where I took Mrs. P. a few days ago to see the king and queen, all was very quiet, nor was the king there unpopular; which may be accounted for this way, that the inhabitants depend upon the court, and the money expended by it. It was very cold, but we did not feel it, as there were noble fires in all the royal apartments. We went through the usual routine of going with the king and queen to mass, office, &c.

There appeared no gloom in the royal countenances; but the queen did not look so handsome as when I saw her before.

I this time went to Trianon in the park of Versailles, a small palace appropriated to the Dauphin, and liked it much. We took a remise to Versailles, and were well accommodated, it cost us a pound.

At Paris nothing is talked of but

Monsieur Neckar*, every conversation begins and ends with him. Prints of him are in all the shops; portraits in the snuff-boxes, sold at the Palais Royal; verses on him sung in the streets; and, in short, his praises are in every one's mouth.

But in the midst of this confusion, the same national thoughtlessness prevails as ever. The Parisians sing and lounge, at the same time, that they seem to think of great and important events, which will come, and they are equally civil and polite to strangers.

We have very good suppers from the *Traiteur*, at three livres a head, and excellent *biere blanche* at one shilling per bottle. I will write once more before we quit this capital,

and am,

Yours, &c.

* He appears from all I have heard to have been a very honest man, but very unequal to the Herculean task he had undertaken.

Paris, March 15, 1789.

WE are still pursuing our rambles in spite of the weather, which is very unfavourable ; as I wish to show my companion the curious things in this city. The best way is for strangers to take a remise, the whole expence of which will be about fifteen shillings a day, and for this you may have a comfortable English chariot.

Paris is very full, I never was here in winter before ; and as with us, all the genteel people hurry out of town in fine weather. We have been to all the places of public entertainment ; and much crowded they are, for in spite of the murmurs and discontent, and approaching changes, the same national character prevails, and love of idleness

and pleasure. There are more theatres open than I ever knew, and they are all almost full : though in our metropolis, three are as many as will answer to the managers.

In the midst of the abuse with which the royal family is loaded, the same respect prevails for the king which I have ever observed, and they pity him, and say as usual, '*il est bon.*' The English never were more popular than now; they almost worship them and their constitution, as they now see the defects of their own through a clear medium; indeed, it is lamentable that there should be these defects, and that a country so highly favoured by nature, should feel the sad effects of them. For the middling order of people, which is so comfortable among us, is not here to be found: but, as we know from experience, that bad effects often arise from too sudden changes; a reformation should be at-

tempted slowly and cautiously, lest the remedy should be worse than the disease.

We propose setting out in a few days, to the south of France, by way of Fontainbleau, Orleans, &c. And I will write to you on the road : I must finish this, or I shall be too late for the post.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Orleans, March 20, 1789.

WE hired a cabriolet for fifty shillings, from Fontainebleau to this city; and arrived here last night; the voiturier modestly asked three pounds ten shillings, and took a pound less. The first six or seven miles were highly beautiful, through the forest of Fontainebleau, which is full of rocks and very romantic. This forest however would be much finer if the trees were larger. The other part of the road is flat and disagreeable; there is however a pretty winding in the road just before you enter Malesherbes.

This is a small bourg, not unpleasantly situated, distant from Fontainebleau about fifteen miles. Here we dined at a poor inn, the mistress of

which, however, charged us eight livres for a bad dinner, and execrable wine. We remonstrated and went to the justice or bailli du village* about it ; he shook his head and said, it was true, the bill was rather too large ; but every thing was *diablement cher* ; (by the bye it is a very cheap country) and the landlord worked hard for a living ; the postboy was impertinent enough to come and vouch for the expensive articles we had had ; so that after having been detained near an hour, and exhausted our rhetoric to little purpose, we had the consolation of having ten pence taken off from the bill. In short, unpleasant as it may seem to an Englishman, it is absolutely necessary to make an agreement beforehand for every article ; and this is the only way to prevent impositions, and to avoid altercations. Two posts from Malesherbes is

* These are very low people, and you seldom get redress from them.

Petiviers, a small town with a pretty Place in it; here we staid all night at the Ecu, a tolerable inn. The next morning we pursued our route, in a most dreadful rainy day, and dined at Lourri, fifteen post miles from Petiviers. This is a most disagreeable village; but it supplied us with a good capon for our dinner. No road can be conceived worse than that from Lourri to Orleans, it is two posts; a great part of the way we were obliged to break out of the road into the fields; which were so heavy and uneven, that we expected every moment to be overturned. Added to this, we had incessant hard rains, and only leather curtains to protect us from them, so that altogether I think I never had a more disagreeable journey, and was heartily glad to get upon the pavé which brought us to Orleans, where we arrived in the evening; the last three or four miles were rather pleasanter than

the first part of the road, as the country was more inclosed, and there were houses and vineyards prettily interspersed. We are at l'hotel de Trois Maures on the Place.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Orleans, March 30, 1789.

THIS is a very fine city, built on the Loire, which is the second river in France, and is here about a quarter of a mile over; there is a handsome stone bridge over it of nine arches. The Place is large, but irregular, and the appearance of it is much hurt by a number of dirty stalls which are constantly in it, and crowd it much. The Rue Royale is remarkably handsome and regularly built, and full of good and lofty houses; this street is terminated by the bridge; and in it is the statue of the celebrated Joanne d'Arc, surnamed, La Pucelle d'Orleans, who delivered this city from the English and restored the affairs of France. This heroine is represented

in armour and kneeling: opposite to her is Charles the seventh in the same posture, and they are both turning to the Virgin Mary, who is holding our Saviour in her arms; the statues are all of bronze. I cannot help thinking, however, that the statues, if they had been placed in the centre of the Place, would have had a much better effect. If this unfortunate woman had been contented to have completed what, by her own account, she was ordered to do, and afterward had retired to the private life from whence she had emerged; in my opinion, she would have been much more worthy of esteem; and would not have brought upon herself a miserable death*: though surely it is greatly to the discredit of her countrymen, that the greatest part of her judges were French.

* This was one of the worst acts of the great duke of Bedford—she was burned on the market day at Rouen, in Normandy.

This is a very gay city, and inhabited by many of the nobility. The duke of Orleans has a very good house in it; as he has great power here, and a chancellor; the revenues of his dutchy are very considerable.

The Cathedral is a gothic building, said to have been built by the English; but I do not think it does them great credit. The church of the Benedictines is well worth seeing, and has a very elegant dome, full of fine paintings. There are in Orleans twenty-two parishes and many convents.

We have been once to the play; the theatre is old, and by no means elegant; the actors tolerable. We have hired a cabriolet to Bourges, that has glasses, as we have not yet forgotten what we suffered from the leather curtains. As there is a stage which goes this road, we are obliged to take a permis, which comes very high; as in all public roads where there are

stages, if you do not go in them, or post, you must have a permis from the custom-house officers, for which you pay considerably. So that in this country you are not at liberty to travel as you please, for fear of defrauding the king of his dues, as he regulates the post. I shall write again from Bourges.

Bourges, April 1, 1789.

WE dined at La Motte Beuvron, a small village, three posts from Orleans. There is here a good house belonging to a gentleman of Orleans, the grounds are extensive and not badly laid out, and there is a good piece of water. From hence to Salbris, it is three posts and a half, through an open and disagreeable country. Salbris is a small dirty bourg; and we had very bad accommodations in a room not much better than a loft, as the others were full; but the *aubergiste* was by no means ignorant of the art of making a bill. Except at Fontainebleau, which is much resorted to by the English, we had not as yet seen that necessary article a tea-pot, since we

had left Paris ; so that we were obliged in general to make use of a covered jug for one, and a coffee-pot for a kettle, so that our tea equipage was not very elegant. As to tea-spoons, they do not know what they are : so that I would advise travellers to carry with them a small tea-pot, tea-spoons, &c. ; as, if they are fond of that pleasant beverage, they will by this means save themselves much trouble.

We were by no means sorry to leave Salbris, and proceed on our journey to Bourges. We dined at Vierzon, a dirty town, where, however, we were at a very good inn.

Our celebrated Edward the Black Prince was at this town, when he heard the disagreeable news of John the king of France being at Chartres, at the head of his numerous army, just before the memorable battle of Poitiers. I could not help feeling

some satisfaction at being, though for so short a time, at a place which had been honoured by the presence of that British hero.

This day's journey was much pleasanter than the last; as the country was hilly, more inclosed, and woody; a row of poplars also on each side of the road afforded us some variety; as trees had been very scarce for some time.

From Pierzon to Bourges it is eight leagues, where we arrived late in the evening, but as the principal inn in the town was full*, we were glad to find admittance at le Soleil, sur le marché au bled, where we shall continue some days to look about us.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* The States were assembling, so that hardly a bed was to be had, the town was so full.

Bourges, April 3, 1789.

THIS is a large old city, and the capital of the province of Berri, which is a royal dukedom. It is the seat of an Archbishop whose revenues are about two thousand a year. The streets of this city are narrow and dirty, and there are few things in it worth seeing but the Cathedral, and the Hotel de Ville, the latter is a fine old building. The Cathedral is a noble gothic edifice; you enter it by a handsome flight of steps: all round the grand door and the two small ones are a number of figures carved, which bear in their appearance the rude sculpture of former ages. The body of the choir is large, and the choir elegant: the church is full of elegant

glass, which gives a venerable gloominess to it. There is a large seminary at Bourges, which is on a very good establishment.

This city has a very gloomy appearance, and but little to tempt a traveller to stay many days in it, as it has nothing but antiquity to recommend itself to notice; we shall therefore stay but two or three days longer in it. We have hired a heavy coach to convey us to Moulins; the coachman says that he must take three days to perform that journey, though the distance is not above sixty English miles; but you would not wonder at this, if you saw the heavy coach with only a pair of horses to draw it; but it is the only carriage to be hired in Bourges. Here I cannot help mentioning the politeness of a gentleman of the town. In our walks, we went into a court yard with several carriages in it, thinking that they were to be let; but on enquiring

at the house, we found they were the property of this gentleman ; who said that he should be very happy to accommodate us with one, if we could make shift with one horse ; but he was sorry that he had but *one* to spare, and with that he could only go a foot pace the whole way to Moulins ; so, with the thanks due to so obliging an offer, we declined it.

This is so extraordinary a thing, that it is scarcely credible ; but I flatter myself I need not tell you, that I have not yet taken the privilege of a traveller. I am told that there is a tolerable theatre here, but we have not been as yet to it*. I will write from Moulins.

Yours, &c.

* Bourges was so attached to the royal cause in the reign of Charles the seventh, when many other provinces deserted him, that through derision the English called him, *Roi de Bourges*.

Moulins, April 5, 1789.

WE set off from Bourges, as we had intended, in the heavy coach; and dined at a wretched inn at Corbeil distant from Bourges eighteen miles. The first part of the road was flat and disagreeable; though when we remonstrated to our coachman on his going so slow, his constant answer was that the road was so full of *montagnes*, that the horses could hardly draw us along;* but in flat countries, they call every thing a *montagne*, if it is not higher than

* He said we should do nothing but *monter* and *descendre* the whole way, and this was pretty much the case, but many of the hills English horses would have galloped up and down.

a molehill, and in this, indeed, they keep to the literal meaning of the word.

At Corbeil Mrs. P. was glad to get some eggs for dinner, and I some salt fish, which was all the house afforded, as it was a *maigre* day. Although it was now Lent, we had observed at the *table d'hôte*, that very few at the table were rigid catholics enough to abstain from meat, when it was set before them.

Leaving Corbeil, we proceeded on our journey to the banks of the Loire, ten miles from it; the view of which for some time before, had been vastly pretty. We were obliged to ferry over this river to *la Charité*, as the bridge was broken down by the ice. All the inhabitants agreed in saying, that they never before had known so severe a winter; the boat was conducted from one side of the river to the other, by a

rope fixed on the banks. When we were about the middle, and not far from the bridge; the broken arches and the torrent running between them had a most tremendous appearance; and as it was now evening, the scene was still more awful.

We crossed over a handsome stone bridge, built over the other branch of the Loire to the town of la Charité; as the part on which we had landed was an island. Here we regained the high road from Paris to Lyons, which we had quitted at Fontainebleau, and expected now to find the road more lively and frequented, as we had hitherto hardly met a chaise or coach of any kind. La Charité is pleasantly built on a hill, but the streets are narrow and the houses old. We were at le Grand Montagne, a very good inn; but you may judge of the reasonableness of it, when I tell you they summed

up the bill in this short day, six livres, or five shillings, beds, and the same for supper, consisting of a ragout of veal and small desart; for we had no wine nor tea, as we carried our tea and lemons and *eau de vie d'Orleans*, which is the best brandy in the country, with us; as we always drank punch in the evening, and rum is very scarce here. By carrying tea with us, which we had bought at Calais, we were certain of having it good; for the charge made by the innkeepers was nearly the same for the water and sugar, as if they had found the tea; and if we ventured to remonstrate on the unreasonableness of this, the constant answer was, *mais, monsieur, l'embarras!* and this embarras, when they had nothing else to say, served them as an excuse, for charging too high for bad dinners and suppers, as they said, they were to be paid for running up and down stairs. As I

am tired, I will finish my journey to this town* by and by.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* La Charité is famous for having been one of the cautionary towns of the Protestants, and was formerly a place of considerable strength.

WE left la Charité in the morning, and dined at Nevers six leagues from it. This day's journey was beautiful; the first five or six miles we went along the banks of the Loire, and on the opposite side was a fine sloping bank covered with vineyards to the very top; and afterwards we had a succession of winding hills to Nevers*; of which there is a fine view several miles before you arrive at it. The views from the hills are very fine, overlooking a beautiful country, well wooded, and full of pretty villages. The Loire, which was now at some distance, added not a little to the beauty of the scene.

* The capital of the Nivernois; which gives title to a nobleman, le duc de Nivernois, who was formerly ambassador to this country. Nevers formerly gave the title of count to one of the royal family.

Nevers is a large handsome city; the revenues of the bishop are but small, as he has not quite one thousand pounds per annum. The Cathedral is old and gothic, but has nothing particular to recommend it. We passed the Loire on a handsome stone bridge. We are at the Lion d'Or, a good and reasonable house. We now got into the method of making an agreement for every thing at the inns; as if through forgetfulness at any time, we failed doing it, we were sure to smart for it.

From Nevers to St. Pierre le Moutier it is six leagues; this part of the road is inclosed and woody, but not so pretty as before, as we had now lost the Loire for some time. St. Pierre is a small town with remarkably narrow streets. We were at le Monarque, a good, but dear house.

The next morning we set off to Moulins, six leagues from St. Pierre;

the road is chiefly sandy, and by no means pleasant.

Moulins is a large handsome town, built chiefly of brick, which we had not seen for some time; it is the capital of the Bourbonnois, now erected into a bishopric. This place has been celebrated by the pen of Sterne, as here he met with his Maria.

The environs of Moulins are very pretty. The church of Nôtre Dame, which is now made the Cathedral, is not very curious. We have bought a cabriolet here very reasonably, as we only gave fourteen pounds for it; it is a very pretty one, with venetian blinds, silk curtains, handsome glasses, &c. so that we shall proceed to Lyons in a very smart equipage: we have hired two horses for three guineas, and have paid ten shillings for the permis; and as we have arranged all things for our journey, shall set off to-morrow.

I could not be at this town without thinking on the famous Constable de Bourbon, (who took Francis the first prisoner at the battle of Pavia) as it was part of his domain. Charles duc de Bourbon was a prince not more distinguished by his birth than his personal qualifications, and might justly aspire to the highest dignities.

There is something particularly interesting in the character of this prince, in whom all the qualities of a hero were mixed with the eccentricities of chivalry; which formed a leading trait in the history of this period, and also in the character of Francis the first.

Of an illustrious family, nearly allied to the crown, the duc de Bourbon, was of course destined to fill some important office by his relation to the king; and Francis the first, on his coming to the crown, entrusted him with the constable's staff, the first post in the state.

But unfortunately his person and amiable qualities proved his ruin, by attracting the attempts of Louisa of Savoy the king's mother.

This princess, who was not much past the prime of life, and amorously inclined ; so far overcame the natural reserve of her sex, as to seek him in marriage ; and to his refusal* of her offer are to be ascribed his future misfortunes ; for she fully showed in the sequel, of what a vindictive woman is capable, (whose charms are slighted) by bringing the kingdom to the brink of ruin by her intrigues, in order to gratify her revenge. Francis, who was blindly devoted to his mother, by his persecutions absolutely drove the Constable to rebellion, and his success and repeated victories showed how imprudently this prince had acted ; as by his

* He is said to have made use of some sarcastic speeches ; and alluded to her age, and amorous inclinations.

great military talents he shook even his throne*.

The Constable by his address contrived to make an army, badly provided, without money, clothes, &c. invincible.†

He gained the affection of the meanest soldier by his familiarity, and undergoing the same difficulties with his troops. He had such influence with them, owing to his condescension and endearing manners, that they swore never to abandon him, *quelque part qu'il vouloit aller, fut ce a tous les diables* ‡. He used to sing ‘*Je suis pauvre Cavalier, je n'ai pas un sou non*

* At the battle of Romagnano, in which the Chevalier Bayard was killed; the Constable came up and expressed great compassion for his situation. But this great man said to him with noble warmth, ‘Sir, I am not an object of compassion, because I die like an honest man; but I pity you, when I see you fighting against your king and country and contrary to your oath.’

† These soldiers were the origin of the famous Condottieri, who were so long the scourge of the Southern part of Europe.

‡ Wherever he chose to go, even to all the devils.

*plus que vous autres**; and so led them on to the siege of Rome; in storming of which he fell at the age of thirty eight.

It is much to be lamented, that the military talents of this great prince were not employed in a better cause.

Moulins was afterwards the patrimony of the Marshal duke of Montmorenci, son to the great Constable of that name; who fell a sacrifice to the artful cruelty of the Cardinal Richlieu; and his widow lived here.

The Marshal was beheaded at Toulouse, but there is a monument of him at Moulins. I will now release you from this long letter, and will write to you from Roanne or Lyons at farthest.

Yours, &c.

* I am a poor Cavalier like you without a penny.

Roanne, April 7, 1789.

WE left Moulins in the morning in our chaise drawn by a pair of the worst horses I ever saw; their bones were almost through their skin; and to mend the matter the postilion was a remarkably large and heavy man, and so entêté of his horses, that he wished much to agree with us, to go to Italy,* which was his country, with them; this should be a caution to travellers to see the horses before they make an agreement with the voiturier; as if I had done that, I am sure I never should have set out with these wretched beasts, which it was unpleasant even to look at; but the driver had no

* He was continually plaguing us to *faire une petite tour a' l'Italie*.

feeling for them, and did not spare his whip.

We dined at the George at Varenne; which was the first sign we had seen that had much resemblance to an English one; and slept at la Palisse, six posts from Moulins. The road this way, was hilly, at least the last part of it, and woody. La Palisse is a large village, where as the passengers in the diligence had just got the start of us, we with great difficulty found accommodations for the night.

The next day we dined at Pacandiere: a small village, not unpleasantly situated, six leagues of post from la Palisse, and got to this town in the evening, six leagues farther. The road this day was highly beautiful; the views from the hills or rather mountains, (which now unfortunately for our poor horses were very frequent) were very fine: on the right, the mountains of Auvergne covered with snow, had a

most majestic appearance ; and on the left, was a beautiful valley with wood and water, highly cultivated. Le Pont de Vallée on this side of Droiturier, is beautiful and at the same time tremendous, it is built over a small but rapid stream, between two steep hills ; and the situation of it is romantic to the greatest degree ; a traveller will be well paid, if he dedicates a quarter of an hour to this spot : the bridge is near forty feet perpendicular, and the view from it, of the rocks and woods under you is noble, this pass in winter, on account of the torrents, is often dangerous, the journey this day though only thirty two miles, had been so fatiguing to the horses, on account of the number of steep hills, that they fell down several times through fatigue ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we reached Roanne that night, and not till it was very late ; this determined us to discharge our bru-

tal Italian at all events, and go post the rest of the way to Lyons.

But though his horses could hardly move, they were so fatigued, and utterly unable to perform the rest of the journey, I could not without a great scuffle, prevail on this wretch to be paid for his time, and to go back to Moulins. By the help of the inn-keeper, at last however I effected it; for he had the assurance to wake us at five in the morning and insist on our setting off to perform the rest of the journey, that his horses might have time enough to refresh themselves; an insolence, that in this country we should hardly believe.

Indeed the most disagreeable thing attending the hire of horses from town to town, is this, that as foreigners are used to much earlier hours than we are, if you are not acquainted with the distance, they will endeavour to persuade you that it is necessary to set

out at five in the morning; if you have not above twenty miles to go, that they may go slower, and have more time to rest their horses; and we were some time before we were aware enough of their chicanery to prevent it. I am so tired that I must defer mentioning Roanne till my next.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 7, 1789.

ROANNE is a large old town, and the capital of the Roannez, the houses are in general mean and ill built ; there is however one long and good street, bounded by a wooden bridge over the Loire, which is here narrow and rapid : we passed it here for the fourth time, and were sorry that we were now going to take our leave of it, as it had afforded us many fine views : this noble river rises in the Cevennes, and after running through many fine cities, such as Orleans, Blois, Tours, &c. empties itself into the sea near Nantes in Bretagne. We were at l'Hôte de St. Nicolas near the bridge ; and were much troubled to get any thing, as they attend to none but the com-

pany at their table d'Hôte. The next day after we had arrived at Roanne, we dined at this table d'Hôte, expecting to find a good dinner, as it was forty five sols a head; but in the whole of our journey we did not meet with a worse, nor more execrable wine. For since we had left Bourges, wine was so common, that it was included in the dinner or supper; though it was sometimes so bad that we were obliged to exchange it several times. In general in this country, we observed that they made use of oxen in their ploughs and waggons; mules also are here very common.

We took post horses from Roanne, and set off in the afternoon, to Lyons, as we had dispatched our Italian back to Moulins; but we had hardly got over the bridge, before the chaise broke down, owing to the carelessness of the post boy, who had been

playing tricks with it, to make it lighter for his horses; a thing the postillions are very apt to do, if they are not looked after; we were therefore obliged to walk back again into Roanne and stay all night, till the chaise could be mended. This time we went to the Renard, which, however is not so good an inn as St. Nicolas.

The next morning, on our preparing to set out, we were told by the postillion that he could not set out till he was paid for the first post; as his horses had been put to, the preceding day; this we thought so unreasonable, as he by breaking the chaise had been the cause of our delay; that we applied to the magistrate about it, and he told us that we must pay half the post; much to the displeasure of the post boy, who expected to have been paid for

the whole. I will pursue the account of our journey to Lyons, in my next.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 9, 1789.

WE left Roanne in the morning, and dined at the post at Tarare nine leagues from it; and staid all night at the post at Arnas, nine miles farther. The road this day was exceedingly hilly; at l'Hôpital, the first post from Roanne, is a bridge built over a small but pretty stream, the situation of which is very romantic. St. Siphorien is a large village built on a steep hill; from hence to Tarare is a continued range of immense hills, or rather mountains; you have a view on each side of you, of mountain rising upon mountain and firs growing almost on the top of them. Even at this advanced season as we ascended, we found many spots of snow. In the valleys, are cottages

built among meadows and purling streams, with goats and sheep grazing ; the whole scene was romantic and beautiful to the greatest degree.

The hills however which we had seen were nothing in comparison of that of Tarare, which we fortunately descended ; this is three miles in length, and it winds so continually, that you think that you are at the end of it long before you are ; this however has a very pretty effect. They are obliged to make use of oxen to assist horses to draw carriages up this hill, as well as la Fontaine ; and the peasants, when they see carriages coming, are always ready with them ; the price for these is regulated.

Tarare is a small town, situated in a very pretty valley ; there is here a good inn where we dined.

From Tarare to Arnas, you have the mountains on your right. The post called les Arnas is a single house ;

and I suppose few inns in France can vie with this ; there are excellent accommodations and very reasonable ; the situation of this inn is so romantic, and there are so many pretty walks about it, that we spent a day here.

From the beginning of this day's journey, we had observed the appearance of the countrymen, to be much like that of the English and Flemish ; as their dress was plain and their hair strait on their shoulders ; even the greatest part of the post-boys, instead of their long queues, had their hair in this manner. The women in general wore small round beaver hats, instead of the straw ones turned up behind, which we had seen from Moulins : the country that we had passed through was woody, and excepting about the mountains, well cultivated ; in short, this day's journey was highly beautiful, but on account of the vast hills, the post masters made us take three

horses the greatest part of the way, the rule in this country is to have a horse and two oxen to the wag-gons, but they plough solely with the latter.

At the bottom of a meadow adjoining our inn, is a stream which runs beautifully along rocks that form natural cascades: a traveller cannot view this spot without pleasure.

We left Arnas with regret, as we had found such good treatment at it; and went up and down long and steep hills to la Tour de Salvagni, a small village and post, four leagues from Arnas; the situation of this place is very pretty. Here we began to leave the mountains behind us, which had afforded us so many fine views for a number of miles, and descended the last three leagues to Lyons; the entrance into this noble city is charming, as the quantity of white houses inter-mixed with the trees, form a beauti-

ful appearance. The number of persons we had for some time seen passing and repassing, on the road, shewed the populousness of this city. As I have now conducted you to Lyons, I shall finish for the present.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 10, 1789.

THIS is a large and noble city built at the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone; the latter empties itself into the former about a mile from the town, and as you stand on the bank which separates them, it is pleasing to see the rapidity of the Rhone and the slowness of the Saone; there is a good quay to each of these rivers; but there is most business transacted on that of the Saone. The breadth of the town is chiefly between the two rivers. There are two bridges over the Rhone, one of stone and the other of wood called Pont de Morin, as the money was advanced by a person of that name, and there is a toll on it. There are

four over the Saone, one of which also has a toll.

No city can be more finely situated for commerce than this and in none does it more highly flourish; there is hardly a house to be got in it, and it is by no means an uncommon thing to give twenty five pounds a year for a warehouse on the quays. The houses have common stone stair-cases, and each story contains one or more families. On an evening the lights on the different stories on the other side of the Saone, have a most pleasing appearance from the quay. The houses in general are six or seven stories high, and it is said that there are one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; this city is reckoned by most persons the second in France; and for beauty of situation, exceeded by none; except on the side of the Rhone it is encompassed with high hills, on which are convents.

houses, and vineyards. The old city was on the opposite side of the Saone, where is now the Cathedral, and the houses there are very old. Lyons is very long but narrow.

We are at le Parc just by the Place de Terreaux; a very good but dear inn; we pay half a crown for our bed, and half a crown a head for our dinners; which, to say truth, are not extraordinary for that money; and for every other meal, in the same proportion. There is a number of hotels in this city, such as l'Hotel de Milan, de Provence, Dauphine, d'Artois, &c. those which are in the Place de Belle Cour, are in the genteelest part of the town. In these houses there is a *traiteur* for dinners, *gouvernante des chambres*, to regulate the apartments, coffee-house people for tea and breakfasts, &c. &c., and each of these persons has his distinct province; they are no otherwise connected with each

other than being in the same house ; the master of which has nothing to do but with the rooms which he lets ; so that when you come you agree for any price, from a guinea for a suite of apartments to half a crown for one, and you cannot have a good one for less ; you agree also with the *traiteur*, for so much a head, but you cannot have any thing tolerable for less than half a crown each person ; except at the *Table d'Hôte*, which is every day at one, and nine at night ; here you dine superbly, wine included, for forty sols, and sup for thirty. As we mean to stay here some time, and make some excursions ; we have taken a lodging for a month, which we are going into immediately. I shall trouble you with some more of my letters as soon as we are settled.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 12, 1789.

WE have been rambling about this curious city, and I now sit down to give you some account of the things we have seen.

The Hotel de Ville is a noble building on the Place de Terreaux. In the great room are portraits in niches of all that have been mayors* or aldermen†. The city is governed by a mayor and four aldermen, two of whom are changed every year. In the pictures of these magistrates, the only curious thing is to see the different dress of the times; from the pointed beard in the reign of Henri quatre, to the smooth face in that of

* Prevôt. † Echevins.

Louis seize. There are also several other rooms, and among the rest, the Sale de Conseil, which is a very neat one. This Hotel de Ville is reckoned the best in France; on one side of it is a set of Latin verses representing the situation of Lyons; and alluding to the different qualities of the two rivers on which it is situated; and celebrating the plentifulness of provisions.

Justice is administered in this city very impartially. Civil causes are tried at the Hotel de Ville every Friday, by the magistrates of the city; and criminals, every Monday at the Palace; they are executed on the Place de Terreaux, the mode of execution is hanging or breaking on the wheel*; but executions are not very frequent. There are several Places here, but the finest are those of Terreaux and Belle Cour. The former is the most lively;

* This is very rare.

as it is in the bustling part of the town and there is a market kept on it, which is almost as much crowded as a fair ; here also is a fine abbey of women. One side of this Place is full of coffee-houses, and it is vastly pretty on a fine day to pass by about two o'clock just after their dinner, and see the number of persons at the coffee-house doors under canvass in the streets, to protect them from the sun ; some sitting and some playing different games, others walking about ; the whole is vastly lively.

La Place de Belle Cour or of Louis le Grand is one of the finest in France ; this is the genteelest part of Lyons, as Terreaux is the commercial part. In this place is an equestrian statue of Louis quatorze, and on each side are two emblematical figures of the Rhone and the Saone, there are also two basons, one on each side of the statue. At one end of Belle Cour

there are several rows of fine trees ; with lamps fixed to them in the manner of Vauxhall ; these walks are much frequented on an evening. There are several streets, which come into this Place, which are full of superb hotels ; but these are very expensive ones, they have every thing in themselves, even hot and cold baths. Among the smaller places are those of the Jacobins and Cordeliers ; in the former is an obelisk, and the latter a conduit with a statue on the top, of the goddess of arts, holding a meridian in her hand.

There are markets here of all kinds, and you may know how plentiful provisions are, when I tell you that we dine comfortably for half a guinea a week. The bread, however, is so bad that we can hardly eat it ; I am told that the reason of this is their putting leaven in it, which makes it sour. We have got a lodging on the Quai de

Saone for a Louis a month; I cannot say they are comfortable ones, but furnished lodgings in a private house are by no means easy to get, and we were a whole day in search of these; which have, however, this advantage, and no small one at Lyons, that they are on the first floor. I shall write to you de tems en tems.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 14, 1789.

THE library in this city is a very noble building, and is open to the public Tuesdays and Thursdays. It is a very fine room overlooking the Rhone ; a hundred and fifty eight feet in length, and thirty six in breadth ; the height of it is forty two feet, it contains sixty thousand volumes, some of which are very curious. There are several Chinese books in print and manuscript ; among many other valuable ones, also, there is a Greek testament of the reign of Charlemagne, and a manuscript book of the first comedies ever written in France ; they are in verse, and on parchment, and have very curious things in them ; they are dedicated to

Charles the eighth, king of France*. The pavement of the library is very elegant; and a person may often pay a visit to it with great pleasure.

The theatre is a very fine one, and inferior to no provincial one in France; the prices are very reasonable, and the actors perform constantly; they are very good ones.

There are about fifty hackney coaches in this city; you pay but twelve sols for each course; this is the cheapest fare of any I have found; they are very neat ones, and do not stand in the streets as at Paris, but in the Places; I wish the Paris coaches were as good as those of Lyons.

The chief manufacture carried on here, is the silk one, which is brought to very great perfection; and I have bought some silk stockings very rea-

* A king who cared more about arms than literature.

sonable ; there is also a manufacture of fur.

I am astonished at the populousness of this city, the more I see of it. We took a walk last Sunday along the Quay du Rhone, which is above a mile in length, and I never saw Cheapside so crowded ; it was like a fair, and we could hardly get along ; the benches with which it is almost covered, were so entirely occupied, that we could not get a seat ; and when we had passed le Pont de Morin into the public walk called Breteau, the liveliness of the scene surpasses almost description : on one side are carriages, which take you round the walk for three sols ; shews, coffee-houses, cake-houses, &c. and on the other, the mall crowded with people walking and sitting in chairs, which were in abundance to be hired. These carriages have frequently between twenty and thirty persons in them at a time, drawn

by one horse ; in short, the whole had the appearance of a fair, and we were highly pleased with our walk.

Carrioles are much used in this country ; they are long narrow carriages, not hung upon springs* ; but have cushions, and are often very smart within side ; they are open at the sides and have curtains, which they let down when they are troubled with the sun or rain. In these carriages they have footstools, and their legs hang out at the sides, so that they sit with their backs to each other : which seems very strange to us. They make these carriages often as high as thirty or forty pounds ; but, as may be imagined, they are very uneasy.

We have been near selling our chaise for eighteen pounds ; a gentleman here liked it so much that if he

* Very different from the carrioles to which I had been used in Burgundy.

could have got rid of his place in the diligence to Clermont in Auvergne, where he was going; he would have given that for it. If we meet with such an offer again we shall sell it: as I find that we can easily hire carriages from town to town in Switzerland, where we propose going. As soon as the hot weather sets in, we shall leave this town, and bend our course to Geneva and the mountains of Switzerland; By this time I fear I have pretty well fatigued you with the length of this letter, so I will make haste to finish it, and tell you how truly

I am,

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 15, 1789.

THEY reckon in this city between twenty and thirty convents of men, and as many of women ; among the former, that of the Chartreux is most worth seeing ; and the latter, the Carmelites ; the chapel of this is elegant, it was built by le duc de Villeroi ; whose family have been governors of Lyons for many generations ; they are buried in an adjoining chapel, and there are several fine monuments of this illustrious family. We were obliged to clamber up a steep hill to the Chartreux ; but were amply repaid for our trouble, as from the terrace there is a fine view of the Alps ; and a still finer from the Croix Rousse, which is higher ;

the chapel of the Chartreux is almost new and very elegant ; there is a very fine dome : I could not see the Chartreux without being reminded of a droll circumstance which happened to me, the last time I was at Lyons : a well dressed man came up to me, and asked me whether I wanted one of the fathers ; and on my answering that I was a stranger and wished to see the Convent, he said, he had some leisure, and would shew me what was curious ; he not only did this, but walked an hour or two about the town with me, and a very intelligent man I thought him ; but judge of my surprise, when taking my leave of him, as I was going to the play in the evening, and thanking him for his politeness ; he accosted me with a low bow and asked monsieur for a trifle : the incident was so droll, that I paid it cheerfully ; though not without ex-

pressing great surprize ; so that this fine gentleman turned out to be a valet de louage.

Mrs. P. lost much by not being admitted into the Chartreux with me ; but they are so strict in the convents of men, that they rarely admit women within their walls ; and those that go to see the Grand Chartreux are disguised as men. The comtesse du Nord, alias the grand dutchess of Russia, was obliged to have a particular permission to see the Chartreux : I was convinced to my cost the other day, how strict the good fathers are externally with regard to women ; I was walking with Mrs. P. in the convent of the Cordeliers, and shewing her their refectory, chapel, &c. : several of the servants came up and told me that women were not admitted ; I pretended not to understand the language, which I might very well do, as I was dressed à l'Angloise, in boots and leather

breeches ; they next proceeded to insults, and I defended myself by lifting up a slight cane I had with me ; upon which great numbers poured upon me, and having put Mrs. P. out, and shut me in among them, were treating me in the roughest manner imaginable ; when a good father of the convent fortunately interposed, and took me out of the hands of these savages ; as I was still among them, I took care to pretend ignorance of the language : the good monk accosted me in several, and at last, in Latin, which I answered him in, and told him how ill I had been treated, he behaved very politely and gave me some wine ; which to say truth I had need of, as I was much frightened, not knowing how far their bigotry might carry them : he told them how ill they had behaved to a stranger ignorant of the manners, and even language of the country, and at my desire begged

them to restore my cane; but that had been burnt long before, as having committed sacrilege; I had heard them cry out in a transport of fury, *au feu, au feu, brûlez le, brûlez*.

By the kind intercession of this gentleman I was at last released; and am firmly persuaded that I escaped a prison at least, by appearing not to know the language; but not all the intreaties of the friar could prevail on these wretches to ask pardon, for having insulted me*. This I think should be a caution to travellers not to attempt introducing ladies into these places: though since this, by the politeness of a Cistercian monk who was so obliging as to show us his convent, I have been so fortunate as to satisfy her curiosity; and very elegantly the rooms were fitted up. I am sorry that I have forgotten the

* This bigotry seems to have gone off without leaving hardly the appearance of religion.

name of this gentleman ; who was so liberal as for a little while to throw off the bigotry of his brethren. I am so tired with the length of this, that I must finish abruptly with being

Yours, &c.

Lyons, April 15, 1789.

THE Cathedral is over the Saone, in the old city of Lyons; it is a fine old building, and there is a clock in the body, of very curious mechanism; on the eve of Good Friday, we saw a procession of penitents to this church: there were several sets of them, as one went out, another succeeded; they were all dressed in white, and had their faces covered till they came into the church, when the covering was taken off, and they knelt down to prayers; they went along the streets by two and two, singing the whole way: each person bearing in his hand a large torch; a splendid bon Dieu and banner were carried, and the military attended in the procession, which was

closed by a canon, with his train borne; the whole of it was very solemn*.

This is an archbishopric, the revenues of which are more than two thousand a year; there are thirty two canons, who are called counts of Lyons, they are obliged to prove their noblesse for several generations; the dress of these counts on Easter Sunday was very magnificent; their robes were beautiful, and they had elegant mitres on: their salaries are very large.

In this part of Lyons, which is very narrow, the Romans were settled; and there are fine remains of an amphitheatre, and near it a reservoir.

A person who is inclined to laugh at superstition, when he is at this part of the town, will do well to ascend the steep hill which leads to

* A stranger sees this procession with very different sentiments from those with which he sees the Auto de Fe.

Nôtre Dame de Tourrière, for this church is crowded with pictures representing the miracles that this good lady has worked; there are sick persons healed by her, sailors saved in a storm, the lame restored to the use of their limbs, and they even shew you the pictures of dead restored to life; the crutches of those persons who recovered the use of their limbs through her intercession are all hung up in the church. There are also here two elegant vessels which the comte d'Estaing presented to the church many years ago. A person who is not interested in these miracles cannot however grudge the labour he has had in ascending this hill, as from a balcony rather higher than this church, built for this purpose, you have a most noble view of this city and the two rivers under you, and at a distance the mountains of Savoy. On the other side, are hanging gardens in the

highest state of cultivation; rocks, forts built over the Saone, and the beautiful adjacent country: the whole of this view is charming.

We took the opportunity of a fine afternoon, and having hired a horse to our cabriolet, for which we gave five shillings, took an airing into the province of Dauphiné; the Rhone separates the Lyonnais and Dauphiné; this province belongs to the crown of France, on condition of the eldest son of the King being called Dauphin*: by which means, in the same manner as our Prince of Wales, the people have an ideal sovereign of their own; and this I suppose made them bear a foreign yoke, with tolerable patience; this was a fine acquisition to the crown of France. We drank tea at a village about eight miles from Lyons, the houses of which are poor and ill

* It was left to the kings of France by the last Dauphin or sovereign of Dauphiné on this condition.

built ; but the situation of it is charming ; it consists of a small street built on a natural terrace overlooking the Rhone, and the opposite mountains ; the hills are covered with vines, and the valleys with verdure ; but poverty reigns to such a degree among the inhabitants, that on my remarking to a woman the beauty of the situation of her house, she answered, it is very well, and would be better if it would feed us ; and indeed they seemed to have hardly any thing to clothe or feed them ; this is unfortunately the case all through France, as there are no poor laws, as with us ; the poor who are not taken care of by the convents, which are very charitable, fare most wretchedly ; in winter they have no stockings, and sabots* instead of shoes, and in summer nothing to supply the place of shoes and

* Clumsy wooden shoes.

stockings : for in the provinces, as at Paris, every attention is shown to the rich and powerful ; whilst the lower order of people is taken no care of and quite neglected.

There is only a poor cabaret at this village ; and it was well for us that we had had the precaution to take tea and sugar with us, as we should else have found nothing to refresh us, but sour wines.

I should like much to pay a visit to the Grand Chartreux, which is in this province ; but know not if it will be in our power.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Lyons, May 7, 1789.

THIS is the last letter you will have from me, from this place ; we are preparing for our departure to Geneva, to which town we shall take post-horses, as we have not disposed of our chaise ; we shall leave Lyons with regret, as we have passed some weeks very agreeably ; indeed there are few, if any situations finer, whether we consider the reasonableness of provisions and fruits, which are so cheap, that I have formerly bought fine grapes for a half-penny a pound*, peaches for a half-penny each, and melons for two pence, and other things in the same proportion) : the fineness of the

* In the season they always have them at breakfast as well as at their deserts as we have.

climate and beauty of the country. It is a pity that this had not been the capital instead of Paris, as it has much the advantage of it in every thing: but as one walks along the quays, which are full of coffee-houses, and lively beyond imagination, and through many of the streets, which are very fine ones; one cannot help being grieved that a civilized people should disgrace themselves by such dirt and nastiness, that a lady can hardly walk with any regard to her ease and comfort; this is surely a great reflection on the French, and wants a remedy. I have forgotten to mention the hospital, on the quay of the Rhone, among the public buildings; this is a very fine one, and taken the greatest care of. We shall proceed to Geneva by easy journeys, so that in all probability you will be troubled with a letter from me before I get there. till when I shall bid you adieu.

We have very good wine at de Bureau de Confiance, excellent Cote Roti four livres, and Burgundy three livres a bottle.

Yours, &c.

Chatillon, May 9, 1789.

WE took post-horses as we had intended, and dined the first day at Meximieux, four posts from Lyons; the first post is double; as going in and out of Lyons is a *poste royale**; to make amends however for this, as the chaise was light, the postmaster furnished us with two horses at thirty sols each; but after the agreement was made and we were preparing to set out, the post-boy brought us three, and it was not without great difficulty, that we dismissed one of them. If travellers are not very cautious, they will take advantage of them in this.

* There are four of these *Postes Royales*, Paris, Lyons, Versailles, and Brest, to the three former going out and coming in, but the latter only going out.

On leaving Lyons, for some miles you have a fine view of the Rhone and the mountainous province of Dauphiné on one side of you; which, mountainous as it is, the king of France was glad to get possession of on the conditions I have mentioned.

Meximieux, where we dined, is a small village; there they charged us so much for an old fowl, as we had forgotten to make an agreement, that once more we had recourse to le Bailli du village, who would give us no redress, but sided with the innkeeper; this man lived in a thatched cottage, and in appearance was very little better than our country Bors-holders. From Meximieux to Pont Dain they made us take three horses; which we had, the greatest part of the way, for the post-master when he saw us come in with three, always furnished us with the same number, whether the post was as hilly as the former or not. From Meximieux

to Pont d'Ain the road is vastly pretty. We slept at the post which is a very good inn, and most beautifully situated : this is a most romantic village, in a deep valley, and the little river Ain running through it, it is surrounded with steep hills, on which the church and some of the houses are built ; we were so highly delighted with the beautiful situation of our inn, that we staid some hours longer at it, than we had intended.

Leaving Pont d'Ain, two leagues farther we came to Cerdon, a romantic little village surrounded with mountains ; at this place, we had an additional horse to ascend the hills, which a countryman went with, in order to bring it back.

Two farther, we came to Nantua, a small but pretty town on the borders of a pleasant lake of that name, and surrounded with hills, we had for some time gone along this lake with

great pleasure ; here we dined at l'Ecu de France, a good inn.

From Nantua to Chatillon the road is so beautiful, that we got out of the chaise to admire it ; it runs through a chain of mountains ; with a lake running along it, shut in by mountains on one side, and the road at a vast height over it, on the other ; several cascades also fall into it from the mountains : this stage was delightful. I will finish my journey to Geneva in my next, as we hope to be there to-morrow.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, May 11, 1789.

CHATILLON is a small scattered village, the inhabitants of which are very poor, and they keep their cattle so also ; if we may judge of them by the specimen we had of their sheep ; which came in flocks and jumped upon us like dogs, expecting to be fed ; they feed these on an evening in their houses, which many of them are not much better than folds.

We were at a very good inn at Chatillon, which as had been for some time the case, was situated among the mountains ; we were walking down a steep hill here to see a curious stream at the bottom, but were overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning, which was very tremendous among the rocks ;

so that we were glad to get back again, as soon as we could.

About a league from Chatillon is the Bureau for the king of Sardinia, as duke of Savoy ; as his dominions are here separated from those of France by the Rhone.

We here left the carriage which was going up a steep hill, and crossed over a small wooden bridge, called Pont Lucelle, into Savoy ; and I would advise every traveller to do the same, as he will be well paid for his curiosity. On this bridge are roughly painted the arms of the two sovereigns, and under it the Rhone runs like a torrent, amidst large rocks and stones, which frequently form natural cascades. This wonderful river is here not above six or seven feet in breadth, and the depth of it is amazing. This vast body of water after having for some time run in this manner among rocks, passes at last through a hole not more than a foot

and a half in breadth, and is for a little while entirely lost among the rocks ; upon which you may pass over to the other side without wetting your feet ; the depth of this hole has never been ascertained. This spot is romantic to the greatest degree, in winter when the river is swollen by rain falling down from the mountains, the noise of it rushing along may be heard at a great distance. I will finish the account of my journey to this place after dinner, to which I am summoned.

Yours, &c.

LEAVING Pont Lucelle, I took a guide, which is very necessary in this country ; as otherwise the fastnesses with which it abounds are very dangerous ; and joined our chaise by a nearer road up some woody preeipices, which are here frequent.

We were not sorry to regain the road, as it was intolerably hot, and we had but little air among the mountains.

We had now for some time a great quantity of walnut trees in rows on each side of the road ; and a little farther passed over a bridge which though built very plain, and over a small rivulet, (at least small when not increased by the fall of waters from the mountains,) is said to have cost a vast sum.

A league farther we came to Fort de la Cluse, where the officer is sometimes very troublesome about passports; but he behaved very politely to us. This is a little fort cut out of the solid rock which hangs over it; there is always at it an officer and some invalids. I wish I could do justice to the situation of this romantic spot by my description of it: but that is impossible! it is a complete little fortification; but nature has done more to it than art. We could not help staying a little time here, to enjoy this noble scene at the bottom of the mountain; on our right was the Rhone, and on the opposite side of it, the hills of Savoy; intermixed with red cottages and cattle grazing around them; on a seemingly narrow path in the mountain, hanging over the river, were men, horses and waggons, passing along without any fence to hinder them from falling down the precipice; and I suppose that we when seen by them on

their side of the river must have had the same tremendous appearance. At a greater distance were the Alps*, the snowy tops of which were plainly seen, as the sun shone very bright; round the fort were corn fields and woods; altogether we were enchanted with the scene.

They trust however in this country too much to their horses being acquainted with the road, and have no rail or fence to protect you; just before we arrived at the fort we went through a narrow pass very little wider than the carriage; which the post-boy went over on a full gallop, which had on each side of it a perpendicular precipice; and if the chaise had leaned to the right or the left, we had been infallibly crushed to atoms. After being asked our names and a few questions, we quitted the fort: and soon after, the mountains, which

* From hence they show you Mont Blanc.

had been our companions so long. I dined at St. Genis, six miles from Geneva ; these last miles are dull, as the road is flat and disagreeable, but the entrance into the town is very pretty ; you go down a regular descent, and the houses and gardens on each side are very pretty ; there is a fine view of the town also and the beautiful lake. After having been asked at the gate the usual questions, (to what inn you are going, a precaution they always make use of here) we went to the Hotel des Balances, an excellent inn overlooking the Rhone*, where we are at present. From Lyons to Geneva it is twenty posts or about eighty miles ; but this journey cannot well be performed in less than a day and a half, it is so mountainous : tre-

* This river is here divided into two branches, its waters are very clear, and it is very rapid. The opinion of its running through the lake is now very much exploded, and the Rhone on this side the lake, and that on the other, are thought to be two distinct rivers.

mendous as some parts of the road were; it exceeded our utmost expectations; as nothing can be more beautiful than the greatest part of it. We intend getting a private lodging here; as we shall stay here two or three weeks at least. When we are settled, I will write to you.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, May 12, 1789.

THIS is not a very large, but a handsome city, built on a steep hill, with the lake* (so justly admired by foreigners) at the bottom; along which there is one of the principal streets. The houses are built of stone, and handsome, and the streets are spacious and remarkably clean, the floors in the houses are in general of wood, and very clean; which is what we have not been for some time used to. From the beauty of the situation of Geneva, the civility of its inhabitants, their neatness, and the abundance and goodness of provisions, few places have greater attractions for foreigners than this.

* Lacus Lemanus of the ancients.

There are in general a great many of our countrymen here*, and we see English horses, phaetons, &c. in almost every street; the environs are delightful, and the public walks shaded with fine chesnut trees; the mountains all round covered with snow form a fine contrast with the verdure of the gardens and meadows that surround the town.

This little republic is governed by two Syndics, who are chosen annually, and resemble the Roman Consuls; these are taken out of the council of twenty five, and the twenty five from the great council of two hundred; its domains extend about three miles round the town, but it has no other town belonging to it; but is generally in strict alliance with the states of Switzerland. The Genevese hire about seven hun-

* Prince Edward, the fourth son of the king, was there; now duke of Kent.

dred men to guard their city, as they have no regular troops, but militia, which are about two thousand seven hundred men ; and they have been able to keep themselves quiet, till the great revolution which happened about eight years ago, when the king of France introduced an army at one gate, and the king of Sardinia one at another ; since that time, they have never recovered their former liberty, but the French have had great influence in all their counsels.

The lake on one side is a natural fortification to the town ; there are here ports and chains, which are shut at night, that no boats after a certain hour may come in or go out ; the fortifications are strong and taken good care of, the walks on the ramparts are very pretty, especially that part towards the lake which commands a fine view of it and the environs.

We have got a lodging in la rue de

la Cité, which is one of the best here ; we are to give thirty shillings a month ; but we do not find provisions so easy to be had nor so reasonable as at Lyons, as there are but few *traiteurs* here. I will write to you again soon.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, May 13, 1789.

THE religion professed in this place is Calvinism. The founder of it had his residence here; they are so strict, that they shut the gates on a Sunday, at the time of sermon, and suffer none to come in or go out; which I experienced the first time I was here, when I was obliged to wait half an hour without the gates; but surely no one can fail to accuse them of inconsistency, in having the theatre and places of public entertainment open on Sundays.

In the churches here the men wear their hats, which to us has a strange appearance; but there is the greatest propriety of behaviour; the clergy

wear a ruff about the neck, like that worn in the time of queen Elizabeth and king James the first. St. Pierre is the best church, which like those of the Calvinists is quite plain; the altar is in the middle of the church. The clergy in general are not very well paid; so that if provisions were not more reasonable than with us, they would do but badly.

The language spoken is French; and thought to be spoken very purely. Voltaire's celebrated villa of Fernay is two or three miles from Geneva; but it is now passed into another family.

It is astonishing that in so populous a city as this, there should be no hackney coaches, but that convenience is wanting; and if you want horses or carriages, to make excursions, they are in general very dear; although there are many voituriers here, you must pay

twelve livres a day for a carriage. I will resume my account of Geneva in my next.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, May 14, 1789.

ALTHOUGH the houses in this city are not so high as those at Lyons, yet it is so populous that two families often live in one story. They have often common stair-cases as at Lyons; but wooden floors was a luxury that we had not been used to for some time.

They count here by florins, which is an imaginary coin, worth twenty sols; and three sols of France are worth four and a half of this place, there are also three, six, ten and a half, and twenty sol pieces; but French money passes here, as does that of Switzerland, which as it is very frequent, causes great perplexity from the variety of coins.

The dress and manners of the Genevese, bear much more resemblance to the English than the French. *

The Rhone is here divided into two branches, after coming out of the lake; the water of it is so clear that it looks quite blue, and is very rapid.

Part of the town is so old, that there are high wooden arcades; which, when it is hot, are very pleasant to walk under; as you are protected from the heat of the sun by them.

The lake is about a mile in breadth at Geneva; but farther on it is eight or nine, it is in length about thirty-j miles; its depth varies very much.

This fine piece of water at times is agitated like the sea, and has vast waves, and at other times is as still as a mill-pond. We hired a boat one

* The chief manufacture at Geneva is that of watches and chains, which are brought to great perfection.

† About twelve leagues or thirty six miles.

afternoon to go on it for some hours, and drank tea at a cottage in Savoy ; we paid five shillings for this little excursion ; it is vastly pretty on an evening, to see the number of boats that are on the lake ; some pleasure ones, and others that trade between the different towns on it, which are numerous.

We have been at the play, the theatre has nothing remarkable in it ; but the performers are good, the prices are much the same as at Lyons.

We have here a fine view of Mont Blanc when it is clear. I will write again soon, and describe things as they occur ; but I believe we shall leave this place in a few days.

Yours, &c.

Lausanne, May 29, 1789.

WE left Geneva with regret, as, out of England, there is no place I should like to pass some time in so well as this; the country is pleasant, the climate temperate and healthy; and the town, as I have mentioned, a charming one; we hired two horses to our chaise, for which, as usual, we gave ten shillings a day, and something to the postillion. It is amazing, that in a country so advanced in civilization as Switzerland, there should be no post-horses to be had; but there are none established in any part of it; so that you must either go by the mail coach, a hired carriage and horses, or horses to your own carriage; two or three miles from Geneva, you quit the territories of the

Republic, and enter those of France at Versiex, a small place ; these last only two or three miles ; when you enter the Canton of Berne, the largest and most powerful of the Swiss Cantons. Dined at la Couronne at Rolle, a handsome and small town, situated in a most delightful country, five leagues from Geneva ; and half way to Lausanne. The road to this town was very flat, and inclosed with high quick hedges, of a verdure not inferior to the English ones : it went very near the lake, of which we had frequently fine views : two leagues from Rolle is Morgues, a small town with a very handsome church ; and five more, Lausanne, which we did not arrive at till the evening ; as though the road is very good and even, the postillion will only go his own pace in spite of all your endeavours ; as he has much of the German phlegm.

Lausanne is a large old town,

beautifully situated on a high hill, which makes the walking in it very disagreeable, as the continual ascent and descent are very fatiguing; the pavement is very bad; but the situation of it with hanging gardens round it, makes amends for those inconveniences; it is called ten leagues, but is twelve from Geneva.

The beautiful lake of Geneva is at a small distance from it, which is here but narrow; the banks of it are very pretty and well inhabited.

The walks round Lausanne are delightful; but many parts of it are so steep that they are connected together by flights of steps as at Lincoln.

The beauty of the situation of Lausanne, added to the sociability and politeness of its inhabitants, make it a most desirable residence for strangers; of whom there are always many.

The Maison de Ville is a very fine building; but the church of Notre

Dame is well worth climbing up a steep hill to see.

From this church, there is a fine view of the lake, the town, and its beautiful environs, the mountains of Switzerland and Mont Jura, which divides it from Franche Comté. The principal inn was full; so that we were obliged to be at le Cerf, which is an indifferent one.

Lausanne is governed by a burgomaster, assisted by councils as at Geneva. I shall set off to-morrow for Berne, where we mean to take up our abode for some days, and I will write to you from hence.

Yours, &c.

Berne, June 2, 1789.

WE left Lausanne in the morning and stopt some time at Moudon, four leagues from it. Four farther Payerne, where we slept. This day's journey was rendered uncomfortable by the roughness of the roads, which were full of loose stones; but the country was highly picturesque; we insensibly went round the mountains, and left the lake which had afforded us so many pleasing views.

The country was well wooded and very romantic, and the neat cottages, interspersed with the comfortable dress and looks of the peasants, showed us that we were now in a land of liberty*:

* How changed since this was written.

where the countryman can enjoy the fruits of his labour, not subject to the capricious will of an arbitrary monarch. Each peasant has a field or two, and garden, with the produce of which he may comfortably maintain his family, if he is not embarrassed by his own misconduct.

The Swiss, among other good qualities, have sincerity, honesty, fidelity, &c.; and have also some bad ones; they are apt to drink too much, and are very obstinate. These qualities they have in common with the Germans, as they were formerly a part of them. Many of the houses in this country have turrets to them, covered with tin; which like the steeples of the churches, when glittering in the sun, have a pleasing appearance.

The houses are very neat, and though you may not find in them the luxuries of life, you may, at least, all the conveniences of it.

We dined at the *Maison de Ville*, at Moudon, a good and reasonable house; in which is a very curious old hall, full of paintings of ancient figures on the walls, and inscriptions from the Scriptures, verses, &c.; well worth seeing.

Payerne is a small neat town with one very broad street; as in general is the case in Switzerland. In almost all the towns also, however small, is one or more conduits with curious stone figures on the top of them. In the inns in this country, and indeed most of the other houses, you always go up one pair of stairs, where is the kitchen and lodging rooms, which you enter by a gallery; as they make no use of the ground floor. In all the inns, however inferior, there is also a high inclosed stove; these stoves are from four to six feet in height, and are large buildings; they are generally faced with Dutch tiles, and heated from another room which

has a communication with that in which you are.

They make use of wood here, as they have no coals; an equal heat is certainly dispensed by means of these stoves; but they are very disagreeable to persons who like to see, as well as feel a fire; and we often chose to bear the cold in preference to one of these fires*.

Travelling is so frequent in this country, that we told ten carriages at one time, standing before the inn door at Payerne; which all came the same morning from Berne, besides many gentlemen on horseback; these ride in leather breeches, boots and spurs, à l'Angloise, and in general, have excellent horses.

The only public coach they have in Switzerland, is the mail coach, which goes from Geneva to Bale; we were

* Stirring a fire is so habitual to an Englishman that he feels the want of this employment.

surprised to find a vehicle of that kind established here. In spite of the mountains, rough roads and other impediments, it goes six miles an hour, and travels all night; the blowing the horn, &c. &c. put us much in mind of England.

The post boy sits on one of the hind horses, and drives the other pair; and the postman who blows the horn, sits comfortably on a seat before the carriage, on which he takes a passenger at half-price. They are protected by a leather top from the weather.

A traveller who does not choose the expence of hiring a carriage and horses, if he waits a day or two, may find a returned one very reasonable; and the returned ones here are not to be known from the others, when you meet them, for they are different from the returned ones of England, for here the post boy is on horseback; by which a person not conversant in the language

or manners of a country, will be deceived often in the hire of a carriage, as we ourselves were.

The country about Payerne* is rich and good. I saw here as fine wheat, as ever I saw in England. I fancy by this time you are heartily tired of this letter, so I will release you.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* There are so many frogs about Payerne, and indeed in all the low parts of Switzerland, that their croaking is heard at a vast distance.

Berne, June 4, 1789.

THE dress of the women in this country, is in general a short jacket and petticoat of a different colour, as in France, and a small straw hat with narrow brims. They have their hair twisted in several braids which hang down their backs ; but at Berne and its environs it is done in only two, which are very long ones. The dress of the countrymen is like that of the English, excepting that they have cocked hats, instead of round ones ; like the Germans they are seldom without a pipe.

We did not leave Payerne till the afternoon. Three leagues from it is

Avanche, from which you have the first view of the lake of Morat, which is six miles in length, and one in breadth but the ground about it in some places is marshy and disagreeable.

Morat is a small town full of arcades; where, as usual, there is a statue over the conduit. Near Morat was fought the famous battle between the Swiss and Charles the Hardy, duke of Burgundy, in which that prince was defeated, with the loss of eight thousand men. This unexpected defeat made such an impression on the mind of this gallant prince, that he never recovered his spirits afterwards.

Cumini is a league from Morat; on entering this place, we passed over a beautiful stream, which runs among rocks; on a long wooden bridge, with

a tiled* top like a lodge, which has a strange appearance.

This is a small village in a most romantic situation, it is in a valley through which this stream runs, round it are high mountains. We were at the Bear, a good inn, but very dear; we paid half a crown for our bed, and every thing in proportion.

The inns in this country are very expensive, you cannot dine for less than twenty batz a head, which is half a crown, nor sup for less than fifteen, wine excepted, and this is a dear article. Unless in great towns there is no Table d'Hôte, and the innkeepers have such firmness, not to say obstinacy, that they hear all you have to say with the greatest composure, but

* Many of the bridges in this country are thus covered over, as we found afterwards.

hardly ever abate in their charges. By not understanding German, which is the language spoken here, we were often at a great loss ; as though in the inns there was generally somebody who spoke French ; we were deprived of knowing many things in our walks, which we wished to be informed of. In the inns we found more women than men waiters in the small towns.

The road from Payerne to Cumini is very pretty, winding through some beautiful woods of firs : and the view of the lake of Morat, which for some miles was close to the road, added not a little to it. From Cumini to Berne, which is three leagues, you ascend and descend the whole way ; but we went down a gradual and winding hill to this city, which we entered by several gates.

From Lausanne to Berne it is twen-

ty leagues, which may be performed very well in a day and a half; though we were two nights on the road; for as we set out on the plan of seeing every thing curious, we never hurried ourselves. In my next I will give you some account of this place.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Berne, June 5, 1789.

THIS is the capital of Switzerland, seated on the river Aar, and justly esteemed one of the finest cities in Europe*; it is built of fine stone, and there are piazzas quite through it, with shops under them, as at Covent Garden; by these you are at all times protected from the rain and sun; the town consists chiefly of three very long parallel streets, and is very narrow: the streets are broad and the pavement excellent; under the piazzas, it is of the finest broad stone as at London; the houses are lofty and

* The canton of Berne is a Protestant one.

well built. There is a stream which runs through the middle of the high street, and several conduits, with statues of men in armour, on the top of obelisks erected for that purpose; by these conduits the inhabitants are well supplied with water; the town is stongly fortified, and there is a constant garrison of three hundred men. They can bring at a time, above twenty thousand men into the field, as it is by far the largest and most powerful Canton. Hardly any thing but German is spoken here: they have in this place as in most parts of Switzerland, regular watchmen. The walks on the ramparts are very pretty; but the platform, by the cathedral, which is full of seats, and used as the Mall, is a delightful place. This is a natural terrace, overlooking part of the town, hanging gardens under it; and under them, a beautiful and rapid stream.

We were at the Crown, which is a good, but dear house; but this and the Falcon are the two best in the place: we shall stay here three or four days; and I will write to you once more from this city.

Yours, &c.

Berne, June 6, 1789.

THEY reckon in this city fifteen thousand persons. The chief buildings in it worth seeing, are the cathedral or great church, as the Calvinists call it, the arsenal, and the hospital, and the horse armoury, which is inferior to few in Europe. This hospital is a noble foundation for twenty five of each sex ; and as many poor travellers as chuse it, may come and stay one night ; and when they go away in the morning, they are entitled to soup, a pound and a half of bread, and three batz*, all this I saw given to three travellers. This building is a very fine one ; and the poor are taken

* There is an Hospital of this nature at Rochester.

the greatest care of; we went into the kitchen, where they were getting the most comfortable things for their dinner, and afterwards saw them dine at eleven*; every thing was conducted with the greatest order and regularity, the arsenal is a large building, and reckoned one of the finest in Europe; it is quite full of all kinds of warlike instruments, and here they shew you the great deliverer† of Switzerland, in the action of shooting an apple off the head of his son. Here also is the saddle and armour of Charles le Hardi, duke of Burgundy, and the cord which he had intended to hang the Bernois with, when his intentions were happily frustrated by his defeat at Morat.

The library is a very fine one, and has twenty five thousand volumes; it consists of two rooms, one of which is

* A little different from the modern hours.

† William Tell.

a very large one ; there are hung round these rooms, portraits of many celebrated kings, heroes, and learned men, and the magistrates of the city ; among other curious pictures is one representing the library, and some learned men sitting round a large table, on which they were writing : here also is a small museum, which has some curiosities in it ; this library, like many other public buildings, has the misfortune of being crowded in a corner. The cathedral is a very fine gothic building ; on the towers, which are noble ones, there are many images.

Every thing is very dear at Berne, except reading ; but we have books for a half-penny a day.

This city is said much to resemble Turin. In spite of the elegance of it there is a striking air of dulness which pervades the whole city : the gentlemen almost all wear black, great wigs and bands, and the dress of the women

is not very lively ; there are also hardly any public amusements ; so that altogether Berne has a very sombre appearance. The common people in this city chiefly burn turf, which is very plentiful here. We have hired horses to go to Bale ; for which as usual, we are to give ten shillings a day, for as many days as they are going and returning ; we shall be at least two days going to Bale. I will write to you from Bale at farthest.

Yours, &c.

Bale, June 8, 1789.

WE went up a steep hill from Berne; and had for some miles a tolerably even road, and were much surprised that our postillion did not take the advantage of it and go faster; but on asking him the reason of it, he said his master had ordered him to go a footpace the whole way to Bale. As we had not yet acquired the Swiss and German phlegm, we told him to turn back, if he would not go faster, and to our utter surprize he very coolly turned his horses back with the greatest composure; and we found, that the only method we could make use of towards him, was coaxing him to make the horses trot; as we were

not inclined to lose the day by returning. I just mention this instance by way of showing the obstinacy of the lower order of people; we found many more, and stronger ones, of this quality among them.

We dined at Soleure, the capital of the Catholic Canton of that name; this little town is neither handsome nor well built; but it stands in a most delightful valley; the collegiate church is a very elegant building, and has four fine domes. This rapid transition from a Protestant to a Catholic country in the same nation, is very pretty: though we always found the latter much more lively than the former, as there is a great gloom among the Calvinists. The Crown at Soleure is a large and noble inn, and pleasantly situated. Five leagues from Soleure is Palstal, a small disagreeable village; where we staid all night at the White Horse, a

very indifferent inn. This day's journey was vastly pretty; through some fine woods of fir and oak; the fields were enclosed with thick hedges of the former, cut after the manner of our quick ones. The winding down to Soleure through woods and between hedges of this kind was particularly beautiful; the hill was very long and continually winding, which took from the steepness of it; from it there was a fine view of the town, and the mountains above it.

From Soleure we expected to have immediately gone up one of these; but to our great surprize went round them continually in a fine plain till we got to Palstal; this deception in the road was vastly pretty.

The situation of a small village about a mile from Palstal, was very striking, with rocks hanging perpendicularly over it, covered with verdure to their

very tops, and a fine stream running through it. I will finish our journey to Bale in my next.

Yours, &c

Bale, June 8, 1789.

THE next morning on leaving Pals-tal; as we were ascending the high hill, at the foot of which it is situated, our chaise broke down; and we were obliged to go back to that place to get it mended. This detained us some time, as the workmen are not so expert as with us; whilst this was doing we went to look at some sawing mills which are just by; and the only things worth seeing at Palstal. The water mills in this country go by means of water falling on the wheel from a spout*, which is placed under some hill to catch it. By this means

* They are almost all what we call overshot mills.

a dry summer does not stop their going as it does ours.

The hill which we went up from Palstal, was very long, and the view from it of the cottages and stream in the valley very fine; the entrance into these cottages is by a flight of steps; as they seldom use the ground floor for lodging rooms; there was a great quantity of wood piled up against them for the winter; they have small casement windows in diamonds.

We dined at a disagreeable town, but beautifully situated among the mountains; which now we gradually left, and arrived at Bale in the evening three leagues farther; the whole distance from Berne to Bale is eighteen leagues.

We had now just left Switzerland, a country highly favoured by Providence: the poet's words may very justly be applied to the Swiss peasants,

*“O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolae!”*

And it must be owned that they seem as conscious of the blessings they enjoy, as any people can; hardy and robust, they want not health to enjoy the bread which they acquire by their industry. Educated among the mountains, their happiness centers in them; and they are strangers to the delicacies which are to be had in the higher scenes of more civilized life*. It is wonderful to what perfection they bring the watches in this country. I saw a gentleman who had bought one among the mountains in the most remote parts; the mechanism of which was universally admired.

There is every thing in this country, which can make travelling delightful

* What a change in this country since the horrid revolution.

and interesting; villages*, rocks, mountains, forests, woods and valleys; in short, all the fine scenery that the strongest imagination can conceive, is here realized. I will give you an account of Bale in my next.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* The populousness of this country is so great, that you hardly go three or four miles without a town or village; besides great number of cottages scattered about.

Bale, June 11, 1789.

THIS is a large old city, and the capital of the Protestant Canton* of that name. It is built chiefly of a red stone which much resembles brick: the streets are in general narrow, and the houses ill built; the pavement of this town is vile, as it is paved with small stones, with sharp tops and cavities between them, so that walking in it is very painful. The cathedral is a fine old building of this red stone; in it is a tablet to the memory of the great Erasmus, who

* The Cantons of Switzerland, of which there are thirteen, though of different religions, are in general in perfect harmony with each other, and heartily unite in the common cause of liberty; it was by sowing dissension among them, that Buonaparté obtained his ends.

resided and was buried here; but it is against one of the pillars, and so obscure that we were some time finding it out.* There is also a valuable library founded by that great man, which goes by his name; but as it is not open on Sundays, we unfortunately could not see it. The Rhine separates the town into two parts, and is here broad and navigable, though its source is not above a hundred miles from Bale, in Mont St. Gothard. There is an old wooden bridge over it; this town has been very strong, but the fortifications are now much neglected. The clocks in this place are an hour faster than in any other, and the only reason we could find for this absurd custom, is, that the workmen may have the gates opened for them an hour sooner: but I do not imagine this

* Here is also the famous Dance of Death by Hans Holbein.

to be the true one, others have said it was done to collect the fathers together sooner at the council. We were at la Cygnole, a very good and reasonable house; this and les Trois Rois are the best at Bale; in the latter is a charming view of the Rhine, from the *sale a manger*; and this tempts strangers to prefer it.

The country about Bale* is very pretty, and full of vineyards; which are here much higher than in France.

There are two roads from Bale to Strasburgh; one through the dominions of the Margrave of Baden and the Emperor; when you go through Fribourg and Old Brisac; the other through Alsace and the dominions of France. I had formerly been the first, and as this last was the best for our light carriage, we now took that; you may

* At Bale was held the famous Council which made so much noise in Europe.

also go down the Rhine in a day to Strasburgh; but the boats are disagreeable, and the banks of the river are flat, unpleasant, and there is nothing worth seeing; we shall therefore take post horses; and set off tomorrow to Strasburgh. I will write to you from thence.

Yours, &c.

Strasburgh, June 19, 1789.

WE took two horses to our chaise, as the road was even, at thirty sous each, and set off for this place: at Huningue, a short post from Bale, you quit Switzerland, and enter into the province of Alsace. We dined at New Brisac, seven posts and a half from Bale, this is a neat little town strongly fortified, and the only one of any consequence in the whole road. We dined at the Poste, a very good house. We now had French money in circulation; as we had taken care to get rid of our ten batz, five batz pieces, &c. at Bale: for they do not pass here. We slept at the Poste at Frizenheim, for the rain had been so violent as to wet our chaise quite

through, as it had not ceased the whole day ; so that we could not reach Strasburgh that night : though the journey may very well be performed in a long summer's day, as it is but fifteen posts and a half. They charged us at this place, in a house, not much better than an alehouse, three livres twelve sous, for our bed and *embarras*, and the innkeepers do not regard remonstrances in this country more than in Switzerland ; for they are very rich and impertinent : the landlord at Frizenheim advised us to go to the next post, where there was a better inn than his ; as he had not good accommodations ; and it was with difficulty that he could take us in.

It is astonishing how many small inns there are in all these villages, and the signs are very pretty ; they are not painted like ours, but solid and in a frame.

We arrived at Strasburgh the next day at twelve.

This road was in general flat and disagreeable ; and this change, to us, who had been used to the beautiful hills of Switzerland, was far from pleasant ; in some parts of it, however, the view of the Rhine, and the hills on the opposite side on our right, was very pretty.

We are at la Ville de Vienne, sur la Place de Dauphine ; a very good and reasonable house ; we propose staying a few days, to see this curious city, and then proceed to Manheim, Mayence, and down the Rhine. I will write to you once more from this place.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Strasburgh, June 11, 1789.

THIS is a large old city, the capital of the province of Alsace. The Rhine is at a little distance from it; but there are several small branches of it, which come into the town, and, intersecting it in many parts, form little islands; not being acquainted with the town, we have been frequently shut in among these arms, and been some time before we could recover the main part of the city.

Strasburgh is very strongly fortified, and there are generally eight or ten regiments in garrison. The language spoken here is chiefly German; they reckon in Strasburgh fifty thousand inhabitants; it is certainly very popu-

lous. The bishopric is the best in France, and is worth above sixteen thousand a year. The present bishop is the famous Cardinal de Rohan, who has made so much noise in the world* ; his palace more resembles that of a king than a prelate ; the rooms of it are noble, and nothing can be more magnificent and costly than the furniture.

The cathedral† is a noble gothic building of red stone ; the tower of it is a fine piece of architecture ; it is four hundred and fifty feet in height, and elegantly built. In a room in it lives a person who sells small medals of it, very well executed ; one of which I have bought, as well as one of the monument of Marshal Saxe.

* About the pearl necklace, &c.

† In this is the famous clock ; it is very curious, but much neglected, and now does not go.

In the church of St. Thomas, is the noble monument of Marshal Count Saxe*, so justly admired by strangers; he is represented in armour, and walking with an undaunted step to his coffin, which is under him; around are the emblems of the different powers which he overcame, in a vanquished posture, the following is the inscription:—

MAURITIO SAXONI,
COURLANDIÆ ET SEMIGALLIÆ DUCI
SUMMO REGIORUM EXERCITUUM PRÆFECTO
SEMPER VICTORI.
LUDOVICUS XV VICTORIARUM AUCTOR, ET IPSE DUX
PONI JUSSIT.
OB. NOV. 30, 1750, ÆTAT. 55.

* This distinguished general was the natural son of Frederic Augustus the second, elector of Saxony and king of Poland: as a Protestant cannot be a marshal of France, it is said the king of France allowed him a hundred years to change his religion in.

This monument cost eighteen thousand pounds; the Marshal is buried in a vault underneath.

The best squares in this town are la Place d'Armes, and Dauphine, in the latter are barracks for the soldiers.

The variety in the dress, manners, and language, of the people at Strassburgh, is very curious; as there is a complete *melange* of Germans, the original inhabitants, and their conquerors the French. I have bought a curious book full of the dresses. The women have their hair in a roll before, and braided and plastered behind; more in the form of a pudding than any thing else. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty; but in one there are arcades with shops which are very lively, and the Place d'Armes is a very fine one.

The citadel is a very large one, and well worth seeing.

There are here hackney coaches, and very reasonable. We have been so fortunate, as to see the funeral procession of a Marshal* of France; a great number of the clergy and military attended; there were cannons and musquets fired, and the whole was very pompous; but they would not admit us into the church, as being Protestants.

Our chaise received so much damage by two days incessant rain, that we were glad to sell it; and have hired one to convey us to Manheim; we are to give no more than if we had horses only; and they say, that they had rather let a chaise with the horses, on account of the chance of return pas-

* I think this was the Marshal Stainvie, who had an estate in the neighbourhood.

sengers. By this time you must be tired with this, so I will release you.

Your's, &c.

Spires, June 14, 1789

WE set off from Strasburgh in an awkward four wheeled chaise, which is the kind of carriage used much in this country; it has a covered top like a one horse chaise, and an iron bar with curtains fixed to it, that lets down before when the weather is bad; so that you are thoroughly protected from rain. We had two tolerable horses, which the coachman drove from a box; and we went about five miles an hour: the road was flat and uninteresting. Just before we got to Trutzenheim, where we dined, we crossed over a pretty stream, on a wooden bridge; this is a small village six leagues from Strasburgh. Here I had some conversation with a thresher, who was the

first I had seen for some time that could speak French, as our coachman only spoke German. He shewed me some wounds he had received from the chasseurs of a lord of Strasburgh, for poaching; and as he had felt their power, he intended becoming one himself if he could. I could not help being thankful for having been born in a country, where these arbitrary and cruel proceedings are not permitted. This man had ten sous a day for his work, and his board, when he had generally meat if he chose it.

Part of the road before we came to Saltz, where we slept the first night, was very pretty; through a forest, with a fine view of the Rhine on our right.

As we passed this day through the fertile plains of Alsace, I could not help reflecting upon the difference between the antient state of the French monarchy and the present; in the

former it was so weakened by the branches that were separated from the parent stock, that it could scarcely support itself. These, when governed by resolute and courageous princes, in alliance with each other, defied their lord, and made the monarch totter on his throne. In the present, the reunion of the different provinces with the crown, together with the addition of those conquered by Louis quatorze, makes this kingdom the most powerful and flourishing in Europe; but this aggrandizement, like that of the Roman Empire, in all probability will prove its ruin; it is now a vast overgrown body*, the head of which is at such a distance that it cannot take care of it. The French, indeed, seem to be at the zenith of their power. You are by

* What is it now? for if the destructive ambition of Louis fourteen has been justly censured, what can be said for the present ruler of France, to whom may be applied these words of the poet, *unus Polleo Juveni*, &c.

this time pretty well tired with these reflections; but they were naturally suggested to me by being in Alsace, and having on our left Lorraine, and behind us Franche Compté; all provinces either ceded to or conquered by the crown of France. I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

Spires.

SALTZ is a neat town, belonging to le duc de Deux Ponts. We had now for some time had kreutzers in circulation; the Germans reckon by these and florins; three kreutzers are two sols of France, and sixty kreutzers make a florin: the most reasonable rate you dine at, is a florin, and as much for your bed. The wine which you get in this country is Rhenish, the price of this varies much; but you cannot get tolerable under a florin a bottle; this, when you get it good, which is rarely the case, is a very pleasant wine.

Two leagues from Saltz is Lutterburg, a small neat town, with a garrison of five hundred men, belonging to the

bishop of Spires ; the uniform of these soldiers was light blue, they all wore hose, and almost all whiskers; they did their exercise well, and made a very good appearance ; they have very convenient barracks just by the town. We breakfasted at the Golden Sheep, a bad and dear house ; but as our coachman did not understand a word of French, we were unwillingly obliged to go to such inns as he brought us to ; nor was this the only inconvenience, as we could get no information from him of the country or the places we went through.

The prince bishop of Spires is an ecclesiastical prince; and has fine revenues. His residence is at Bruchsal, a town on the other side of the Rhine, between this and Spires. After this we entered a noble forest, which is three leagues in breadth and seven in length, with many fine trees in it ; the first part of the road is sandy and

heavy; but the last full of deep ruts, and so dangerous that for several miles we expected to be overturned; it is a great pity that in this rich and flourishing country, they do not repair so public a road. In the midst of the sand in the forest, I observed great quantities of potatoes, which seemed to thrive very well.

Four leagues from Lutterburg is Rheinza, a bourg belonging to the bishop of Spires; and two more, Caversham in the Palatinate. About a league on this side of it, we quitted the kingdom of France, and entered into the Empire. From Caversham to this town it is three leagues, very open, with a view of the Rhine.

As this is a very fine corn country, I this day observed their method of ploughing. The plough* is very small, with two wheels and two horses, and

* Much like the plough used in some parts of Kent.

made very light: the man who holds the plough has long reins, which he makes use of to turn them, as he has no assistant. When they harrow, a boy rides one of the horses, and drives the other. We saw there also potatoes and the long sort of turnips*; there is likewise a great deal of flax and *bled de Turquie*, which is very like the Indian maize; the growth of this last is particularly encouraged, as the poor make bread of it; and the farmers fatten their hogs with it.

Spires is a small city, but was formerly a place of considerable consequence, as the Diets of the Empire were holden here, and it was here that Charles quint held the famous one in 1529; in which he forbade any innovation in point of religion, and on account of the princes of the Empire protesting against this, their party ac-

* The Swedish turnips.

quired the name of Protestants, which from that time has been that of the religion*.

Since this, Spires has been much hurt by the French, and has never since regained its consequence. The cathedral is a very elegant building, and well worth seeing. We are at le Roy de Prusse, the landlord of which is the only person in the house who speaks French; as there are but few persons in this country among the common sort, who speak that language. Among a variety of things, he sent us up a large wild boar's head for supper.

To-morrow we shall reach Manheim to dinner; it is four leagues from this town; we shall have been almost three days going from Strasburgh to Manheim, which is but eighty miles; but though there is not a hill of any conse-

* As good often proceeds from what we think evil, so was it owing to the violence of this prince, that the Protestant religion was firmly established.

quence the whole way, part of the road is very bad. We shall stay a day or two at that place, and I will write to you from it.

Yours, &c.

Manheim, June 15, 1789.

THIS is a very handsome town, the capital of the Palatinate: it is built in the form of a square, the streets are regular, and at right angles. The electoral palace extends the length of one whole side of the town; and is the boundary of every street on that part of it. The town however is dull, and the uniformity of it is so great, as to be fatiguing to the eye.

The electoral palace is very large, consisting of several courts and pavilions; and the cabinet of pictures, and the museum, are very fine; there are ten rooms in suite; in which is one of the finest collections in Europe: the electoral rooms also are elegantly furnished, and well worth seeing.

The gardens are too formally laid out, and much neglected, as the Elector* resides at Munich, and does not come here often, but the Electress resides here in the winter; there is a fine terrace overlooking the Rhine. In a long gallery are the portraits of the Electors and many other princes; and among them Elizabeth, daughter of James the first of England, and her unfortunate husband, Frederic Elector Palatine, and king of Bohemia: I could not look on this unhappy pair, † without thinking on the sufferings they had undergone, and pitying their hard fate; wanderers, and forced to solicit succours in foreign courts of hard-hearted princes; who were insensible to the cry of distress, and regardless of any

* He is now one of Buonaparté's new kings, at the advanced age of eighty.

† Prince Rupert, who made such a figure in the Civil Wars, was their son.

interest but their own ; but I was cheered by the reflection of their posterity being recompensed for the sufferings their ancestors had undergone, in the person of the sovereign who now so gloriously sways the scepter of the most flourishing kingdom in Europe ; and by the mildness and justness of his administration, may properly be styled the father of his people.

The Elector Palatine is also duke of Bavaria, and count of Juliers : and is one of the most powerful princes of the Empire ; his nephew and heir is duke of Deux Ponts ; so that when all these states are united, the possessor of them will be equal in power to many crowned heads.

L'Eglise de la Cour, formerly that of the Jesuits, is a very elegant building, with fine marble pillars, and several good paintings.

The theatre, though small, is very

neat, not understanding German, we could not be judges of the performance of the actors. The best square is la Place d'Armes, which is very handsome, with a fine statue in the centre, of the reigning Elector. The hotel de Ville also is a very good one. In the whole, a person may spend two or three days, very well, I think, in this town.

Manheim is strongly fortified, and there is a garrison of five thousand men in it; the walks on the ramparts are pretty, and command an extensive view of the Palatinate. This town is situated at the conflux of the Rhine and the Neckar; on entering the town we passed over the former on a bridge of boats; as owing to the rapidity of it, or rather the rise of its waters from Manheim, there can be no fixed ones; but it is always either a bridge of boats or a flying one; these bridges of boats are made with loose boards

put on a number of boats tied together; and when a vessel wants to pass between, it is inconceivable with what quickness they move away the centre boats, and put the whole together again. I will finish this in the afternoon.

Yours, &c.

Manheim.

THIS city is very well lighted, and the lamps are all on posts, as in St. George's fields and the environs of London ; whereas in the German and French towns, they are in general hung across the streets. We are at the Poste, which is a very good inn. Since we have been in Germany, we have frequently had some wild boar brought us among the dishes : it is reckoned a very high dish, but we did not much approve of it ; in general the Germans eat much in the French manner, and have a variety of made dishes.

All the petty princes with which Germany abounds, are absolute in their dominions, and have a right to coin : this formerly was the cause of

much trouble to strangers and travellers; as the different states did not take each others money: and you frequently change principalities every few miles; to avoid this trouble therefore, they agreed to take each others money, and it now passes every where in circulation: in memory of this agreement, the different princes coined some money: on which were these words, *selon la Convention*; this is chiefly kreutzers, and there are great quantities in circulation: this is the best account I could get of this money. They have also mixed pieces of silver and copper of twenty four kreutzers, twelve, &c. but these, though they are marked twenty four and twelve, only pass for twenty and ten: the princes in general only put their arms, or cypher, on their coins; but the Electors, duke of Wirtemberg,* and some others, have their heads on them.

* Now king of Wirtemberg.

The genteel women dress as the English and French ; but the common ones, as those at Strasburgh, with their hair done up behind. *

We have hired a chaise, like that we had from Strasburgh, and two horses, to Mentz, which is about forty miles from hence ; and shall set off to-morrow or the day after. We are to give thirty shillings for the chaise. I will write from Mentz.

Yours, &c.

* The Jews, which are very numerous here, live in a distinct quarter.

Mentz, June 18, 1789.

ON leaving Manheim we crossed over the Necker, which is here so broad, that I counted twenty large boats which composed the bridge we went over ; these bridges, till you are used to them, are very unpleasant ; as you are close to the water, and the boards, which are loose, move up and down every step you take. There is a considerable toll at this bridge ; this and the barrieres, or turnpikes between Manheim and this city, amounted to two florins, or three and fourpence : the barrieres also between Strasburgh and Manheim, are very frequent : and though they are generally but from three to six kreutzers, they amount to as much as our Eng-

lish turnpikes: and what a difference there is between the roads! About a league from Manheim, is a pretty country house and garden, belonging to the Elector, where the Electress resides in the summer, who has had a noble church built there. Two miles farther, Frankenthal, a small neat town, which was formerly of consequence; here is a manufacture of china, which is reckoned very pretty.

Two leagues farther is Worms, an old town with several good houses in it: the cathedral is built of red stone, and has four turrets, the choir is very rich and highly ornamented. At a diet held in this town in 1524, Charles quint banished Luther and his adherents from the Empire by a decree.

Five leagues from Worms is Oppenheim, a small town on a high hill; the first we had ascended since we entered the Palatinate.

The situation of Oppenheim is very

fine, commanding a delightful view of the adjacent country ; and the Rhine, which comes close to it. This town bears witness to the ravages of war ; as it was almost demolished by Louis quatorze, that restless and ambitious monarch, who was always disturbing his neighbours ; it is full of ruins ; the great church, half of which remains entire, seems to have been a very fine one. We dined at this town, and on quitting it, went down a steep hill, to the borders of the Rhine, and soon left the Palatinate, and entered the dominions of the Elector of Mayence : the Palatinate is certainly a most fruitful country, abounding in corn : but the part of it, which we had gone through, was flat and dull, and presented no variety of objects.

At Oppenheim we saw the first flying bridge over the Rhine ; from hence to Mentz it is ten miles, and the road is delightful, for some time, along the

banks of the river; in which are several pretty islands; and on the other side of it are vineyards, corn-fields, &c. The view of Mentz for some miles is very rich and grand. We entered the town by a strong gate, and are at les Trois Couronnes, an excellent house. We propose staying here three or four days.

Mentz, June 18, 1789.

MAINTZ, or as the French call it, Mayence, is the capital of the electorate of that name: this city is finely situated on the Rhine, over which is a bridge of boats; the breadth of it may be easily imagined by there being forty seven to compose it. The town is old, and the streets narrow and dirty; the cathedral is a fine gothic building, and the towers are very handsome; the whole is built of clear red stone, which gives it a very gay appearance; in this church, there are two choirs; and in the body many fine monuments of the Electors.

The Elector's palace is a very fine

one, and is built of the same materials as the cathedral; the apartments are large and magnificent, and hardly any thing can exceed the richness of the furniture; one room in particular, which is full of noble glasses, is elegant to the greatest degree: they all look out most beautifully on the river; but what was very disgusting both here and Manheim, was to see in almost every one of these rich apartments, a spitting box for those who smoked, as almost all the Germans do; but as they have this dirty custom, which even princes are not free from, surely they should have rooms appropriated to it, as our ancestors had; which to this day in old family houses are called smoking rooms, as one does not expect to find such dirty things in palaces; the state room is large and magnificent, with the Elector's throne and canopy in the centre.

The Elector and Archbishop is chief of the three ecclesiastical Electors, and is great chancellor of the Empire; he has the right of crowning the Emperor; and has great temporal and spiritual power; he has also great weight in the diets, in affairs of the Empire; this prince has also a summer palace, about half a mile from the city called *la Favorita**; this is a charming place on the banks of the river; the gardens are very pretty, and there is a fine orangery; in these are six pavilions for the friends of the Elector, overlooking the Rhine.

Near this is the desolated convent of the Carthusians, which the Elector, a few years ago, thought fit to deprive of its pictures; and at the same time he displaced the monks.

* Demolished at the siege of Mentz by the French.

As we shall stay some days in this place, you will hear from me again from it.

Yours, &c.

Mayence, June 19, 1789.

AS Manheim is situated at the conflux of the Rhine and the Necker, so is Mayence at that of the Rhine and the Maine.

The town is strongly fortified, and the Elector has three thousand men in garrison.

The environs of Mayence are charming, and make amends for the dirt of the town. There is here an exceeding good quay; and there is always a great face of business on it; as the Rhine is always here crowded with vessels, which, though not very large, bring and convey merchandise and traffic between the various towns situated on it.

We give a florin a day for two very good rooms; and we sometimes dine at the table d'hôte, which is a very fine one, at half an hour past twelve, there are two large rooms let into one, and the tables are generally quite full. There are frequently forty or fifty persons who dine here; the price is forty kreutzers, or fifteen pence a head, and as much more for wine; for this you have a most elegant dinner*, always consisting of two courses and a dessert of the best things in season; there is music all the time, and the company is composed of the genteelest people in the place: in the whole, this is by far the best table d'hôte that I have seen. If you dine in your room, you give a little more; but they get so much by their table d'hôtes, that they had

* In the whole, the German cookery is more like the English than the French, and you have generally boiled and roasted joints.

much rather you would dine at them than in private. In many parts of France you see none, or but few ladies at them; but in Germany almost as many as gentlemen; here also the original custom prevails of the landlord's sitting at table and helping his guests; from which I suppose it had its name of *table d'hôte*; in France this is entirely left off*.

They compute the number of persons in this populous city at forty thousand. As Francfort is but twenty four miles from this place, we cannot be so near it without going to see it; we have, therefore, hired a coach and a pair of horses, for a chariot is hardly to be got here, for which we are to give a guinea; we shall set off to-morrow. A person may also come by the Maine, as there are

* Beds are fifteen kreutzers, and breakfasts the same.

passage boats every day ; but it is so disagreeable to be nine or ten hours going against the stream, that we prefer going by land. I will write on our return from Francfort.

Yours, &c.

Mayence, June 20, 1789.

THE road between Mentz and Francfort is pleasant and hilly; on each side, in many parts of it are vineyards and orchards, and there are some pretty views of the Rhine and the Maine. The villages were very gay, as it was the greatest festival in the year; and we met continual processions of the priests and their parishioners; the doors and windows were full of boughs and flowers, and altogether it was very lively; but we lamented that we had not known of this festival, as the Elector had assisted in person at a solemn procession in Mentz, which was very grand, which we lost by going to Francfort.

About three miles from Francfort is a very large house, which was built by a snuff and tobacco merchant, who at first designed to build it at Francfort ; but on account of a quarrel with the magistrates he erected it in this place, which belongs to the electorate of Mentz : it is an immense pile of building, but heavy and inelegant : this and the warehouses are said to have cost above two hundred thousand pounds.

Francfort on the Maine (so called to distinguish it from a town of the same name on the Oder,) is a large and populous town ; said to contain forty thousand persons, fourteen thousand of whom are Jews ; these live in a particular part of the town*. There are also many others which resort from all parts to the two famous fairs which are

* As they do at Manheim.

held here every year, and which last a month each time. There is a bridge here over the Maine, which is pretty broad.

Francfort is a free imperial town ; the Emperor is chosen and crowned in it. At the Hotel de Ville, which is a fine old building, we saw the room of the nine Electors, (which is the complete number, though there are now but eight,) and the *sale à manger* of the Emperor. All round this room are old paintings of all the Emperors fixed in the pannels of the room ; here also we saw the famous golden bull given by the Emperor Charles the fourth, and carefully preserved.

The cathedral is old, and built in the form of a cross.

The streets are in general broad and handsome, and the town is very gay ; as there is a great deal of business carried on in it. We were at l'Empe-

reur, where is an excellent table d'hôte for forty kreutzers. There are few better inns than this and la Maison Rouge; we returned to Mentz in the evening, well pleased with our little excursion.

We have taken our places in one of the small boats which go almost every day from hence to Cologne, and shall set off to-morrow. We are to give ten shillings each, and they asked us a Louis d'or; but as there is no fixed price, a traveller must make what agreement he can; we found afterwards that we had given as much again as any of the other passengers. As the masters of these boats are men of no character, a person must take care to give earnest money when he agrees with them, as otherwise, if they can get a penny more by any body else, they will leave him in the lurch. We have taken in some provisions for this little voyage, as I find they do

not stop regularly for you to refresh yourselves, unless you hire a vessel; and this will cost about four guineas at least. I will write soon.

Yours, &c.

Bonne, June 22, 1789.

AFTER waiting some hours, we left Mayence in the afternoon, for the boatmen would not stir till their boat was full.

These vessels are, as nearly as I can guess, twelve or fourteen feet in length, and three or four in breadth ; they are very convenient, and have canvas coverings, which you take off or not, according to the weather ; they seldom put up sails in these light vessels excepting when the wind is gentle, and quite fair. In general they rowed us about four miles an hour, as we had the stream for us, which however, is not by any means here rapid. We had twelve or fourteen passengers. As this little voyage is very interesting, I shall give

you a relation of the places we passed by, and hope you will pardon any of them being wrong spelled, as I took the names as well as I could from those persons who spoke French, and there were not many among us, that spoke it; those who did, seldom could tell me how they were written.

Two miles from Mentz we passed by Bebri, a house belonging to a nobleman of the house of Nassau, large and well built, and near it is a beautiful island.

Six leagues from Mentz is Bingen, a small town, where we staid all night; hitherto the banks of the river had been flat and not very interesting; but at Bingen the hills and rocks began. We left this place early in the morning, and soon passed the only dangerous part of the river; this is a strait hemmed in between two rocks; the stream here is very rapid, and there is a kind of whirlpool.

About a mile from Bingen, we passed the old castle of Maerstach, built on a rock hanging over the river; and a little farther a small tower in an island, called the tower of the rats, as there is a tradition that an archbishop of Mentz was devoured by those animals, when he had taken refuge in it to avoid them; but they had such a regard for the good prelate that they all went after him; this is the tradition of the place. On each side now are steep hills, and rocks covered with vineyards growing up to their very summits; and castles, towns, and villages beautifully situated on the borders of the river; the whole is inexpressibly beautiful; the river is here about half a mile over. A little farther is Bacraa, a small town in a most romantic situation, at the foot of a mountain, and almost over against it Coube, a little village with a fortress overlooking it, in which there is a

garrison. Just by this is Paltz, an elegant little castle, in an island in which the Electress Palatine was formerly delivered of a son, as it belongs to the Elector, and the Rhine at that time was so high and rapid that she could not quit it. Here also, some winters past, the ice was several feet high, quite up to the windows. I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

Bonne, June 22, 1789.

ABOUT a mile from Paltz is Wesel, a village with a beautiful hanging wood above it. On each side of the river there continued to be high rocks with vines growing up to their summits: a little farther was a flying bridge; this is a very large building, fastened to several boats, by which it is made to pass the river: and the construction of it is very curious; it is large enough to contain horses, chaises, waggons, and foot passengers at the same time; in it is a sentry box, in which a soldier is stationed to prevent disorders, and on the ringing of a large bell, it sets off, and none must move, till the same signal is given on arriving

at the other side: so that by this means any confusion which might arise from such a number of people being together is avoided, and every thing conducted with the greatest order and regularity; these bridges pass and repass continually; and footpassengers give two or three kreutzers. This day we passed by a small place, belonging, as the master of the boat told us, to the Elector of Hanover.

We arrived at Coblentz* to dinner; this is an old city in the electorate of Treves; the town is very long; the streets narrow, and the houses high.

The Elector has a palace which has been not long finished; it is a fine building of stone in a large court; the apartments are richly furnished, and

* This was the rendezvous of the French Princes, the beginning of the Revolution.

look on the Rhine. In one of them is a large picture of all the princes of the house of Saxony, of which the Elector is. He is grandson of the famous Augustus king of Poland, who was dethroned by Charles XII. king of Sweden, and afterwards regained his kingdom, and son of the late king; both their pictures are here. The Elector was so fortunate as to be chosen at twenty seven; so young a prelate is seldom seen; his revenues are very large, amounting to two hundred thousand pounds a year, and he has two thousand five hundred troops; good looking well disciplined men: but as the income of his electorate is not enough to supply his expences, the good archbishop has a commandery, and some more preferment in the church, so that altogether he does pretty well.

The concert room at the palace is a very fine one, and lately built.

On the opposite side is the noble castle of Ebrenstein: which cannot fail attracting the eye of strangers. The country round Coblentz is rather more flat than any which we had seen for some time. I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

COBLENTZ is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, so famous for wine made on its banks, which bears its name.

Two leagues from Coblenz, we passed by a village in which is a society of Moravians; and where is a very good house belonging to the Prince de Nevitte: just by, is one also, which did not seem to have been inhabited some years, and on my enquiring the reason, I found, that it was reported to be haunted, and is called the Devil's House: If I had an inclination to settle in this country, I should not have been sorry to have displaced his devilship; as he has

had taste enough to chuse a very pretty habitation.

Near this, we passed by a hermit's cottage very finely situated; hermits are very frequent in this part of the country; they wear very long beards and a kind of black stuff gown, and beg in the towns and villages; I generally observed that the good men had an excellent choice in the situation of their cells.

Two leagues farther, is Andernach, a small town fortified, with, as usual, an old tower overlooking it, here the rocks and vineyards, which we had for some time quitted, begin again. Six leagues from this is Bonne, where we arrived in the evening, after having been from five in the morning till nine at night, coming to it from Bingen; so that we were not sorry to get a good supper au Saumon, which is a very comfortable inn.

Bonne is the capital of the Electorate of Cologne, the third ecclesiastical one * which we had passed through. Here, the elector Maximilian brother of the Emperor, another young archbishop of two or three and thirty years of age, keeps his court; we were sorry that we had no opportunity of seeing his Palace, or the town, as we came in so late.

His dominions are small but fertile, and he has about three thousand troops.

At Bonne, they do not any longer count by kreutzers, but by stivers, forty of which make a florin; and kreutzers do not pass here, so now we are to make ourselves acquainted with a new coin, and when we are *au fait* of that, I suppose, another; this change of money is very troublesome,

* Mentz, Triers, and Cologne, and they are all rich and very productive.

to strangers who travel in Germany. To-morrow we set off for Cologne four leagues from Bonne, when we get there, I will write to you.

Yours, &c.

Cologne, June 24, 1789.

FROM Bonne to this town the face of the country is totally changed, and the banks of the river are flat and sandy. We arrived at Cologne in the morning; and thus finished our delightful voyage. From Bingen to Bonne, which is about fifty miles, nothing can be imagined finer, or more picturesque than the views; the river winds constantly between high rocks, only interrupted by towns and villages; these are so frequent, that there are hardly two or three miles without them; and often, you have only to cross the river from one to another; in short the populousness of this country is inconceivable; in these villages, however small, you are cer-

tain of meeting with several inns, or neat alehouses, in which the passengers disperse themselves for the night; but this route is so much gone, that they are all very dear; and the usual charge for a bed, is a florin, and the same for a dinner for each person, and though they give you wine with it instead of beer, for ten or twelve kreutzers, you cannot get tolerable for less than a florin, even though you are in the places in which it is made; but as is generally the case, the best Rhenish wine is exported.*

The landlords, like the rest of the low Germans, are very brutal and impertinent; and it is in vain for you to object to any article of their bills; so that the best way is, as in France, to make an agreement for every thing.

* Among other places we passed by Hockheim, from which the hock takes its name.

In many parts of the Rhine, this fine river is so shut in by the rocks, and the view of it before and behind you is so interrupted by them, that you might almost fancy yourself in a bason; this is rather tremendous; as there is hardly a path, frequently, between them and the river, but the ascent is almost perpendicular; on the tops of the rocks are frequent towers and forts hanging over the river; the remains of the feudal system, and built by the proud barons to overawe their neighbours. There is such continual variety of scenery caused by this constant winding of the river, that it is undescribable, for I do not think there are six long views in the whole space I have mentioned. In short the objects are so numerous, and at the same time so grand, that the eye cannot take them all in together; I wish it was possible for my poor pen to convey an idea of

this noble scenery* ; but *materiem superat opus*, so I must leave you to guess at it, by the faint sketch I have given you ; suffice it to say, that I was so charmed with my voyage, that I could willingly have begun it again. From Mentz to Cologne it is a hundred miles. Thus we have been into the territories of the three ecclesiastical Electors, and to the capitals of two of them ; and, from what we could judge of the manner of living of these prelates, by the magnificence of their palaces, the richness of the furniture, and the accoutrements of their guard, it seems little inferior to that of crowned heads ; their dominions are rich and flourishing and their revenues large ; so that they are enabled to support their dignity, and have great influence in the affairs of

* During our voyage we were frequently obliged to put to shore on account of violent thunder storms; and the echo among the rocks was very tremendous and awful.

the empire. I am so tired at present that I must defer the conclusion of this till the evening, when I will give some account of this town.

Yours, &c.

Cologne.

THIS, like Francfort, is a free imperial city, under the protection of the Emperor. The Elector has only the title, and nothing to do with the civil government; with regard to the ecclesiastical, as archbishop, he disposes of the canonries which fall, three months in the year, the University three, and the Chapter the remaining six. Cologne has a fine appearance from the water, as you come from Bonne; but does not by any means answer to it. The town is very large, but the streets are dirty and the houses irregular; there, as at Mayence, hardly any thing is spoken but German; and a traveller

who does not understand it, will be much at a loss unless he takes an interpreter from the inn.

The cathedral is a fine building; but the tower has never been finished; we have with great difficulty seen the three kings, alias, the three wise men who came to worship our Saviour, whose bodies are in the cathedral; the hours for seeing them are fixed, and you can see them at no other, as a canon whose turn it is, shews them; the coffins are in cases, and it is astonishing what riches they contain, some of the stones are estimated at a vast sum. They are locked up in a recess so dark that at all times of the day you are obliged to have a candle, and only the canon keeps the key; with such care are these riches kept for the purpose of superstition, which if properly dis-

tributed would dispense blessings to thousands*.

The canons, like those at Lyons, are counts, and obliged to prove their noblesse for several generations; we saw several among them very young, under twenty; but when they are old enough, they are obliged to take orders. The canonries are very good, but it requires great interest to get them.

The church of St. Ursula is famous for the relics it contains, among many other things, they shewed us part of the true cross of our Saviour; of his crown of thorns; the vessel that was made use of at Cana of Galilee, for changing water into wine; and an innumerable quantity of heads of martyrs; and to crown all, those of the eleven thousand virgins. I did not

* They are now distributed, since Buonaparté became master of this town; but it is to be feared not very properly.

attend so much to these, as to the fluency with which the men who shewed them spoke Latin; it is astonishing how many persons in Germany can converse in this language: besides the monks, we have met with several of the inferior sort of people who understood it very well.

Cologne is very populous; there is a flying bridge over the Rhine; some years ago they attempted to build a fixed one of stone; but it was destroyed by the rising of the river, the remains of it are still to be seen. We are now about to take our leave of this fine river; which we have seen the greatest part of the way from Bale to this town, above three hundred miles: that and the Rhone rise near each other, one in Mont St. Gothard, and the other in Mont de la Fourche; when they take opposite directions, one running to the north and the other

to the south; these are both very noble rivers; but the Rhine runs much the farthest, and is navigable for much the greater number of miles, as only very small vessels can go on the Rhone till Lyons. The Rhine gives name to two circles of Germany: *Le Circle du Haut, et du Bas Rhin**.

There is a good quay at Cologne, on which much business is carried on.

We have hired a coach and pair of horses to convey us to Aix la Chapelle, which is fourteen leagues from this town, we are to give two guineas, as the coachman tells us that the roads are so bad that he can only go to Juliers the first night. We are at l'Esprit, a very good house†.

* This river, when in Holland, loses itself in the sand for some time, and is afterwards called the Waal, under which name it empties itself in the sea at the Briel, having been joined near Nimeguen by the Maese.

† At Cologne breathed her last that celebrated character, Mary of Medicis. Though the wife and mother of great kings, she was so persecuted by that

I will write to you either from Juliers
or Aix.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

violent minister Cardinal Richlieu, that he refused to pay her her pension, and Louis XIII. suffered his mother to live in the utmost penury and misery, in want, as it is said, of the common necessities of life.

Aix la Chapelle, June 26, 1789.

THE coachman had not deceived us about the roads ; as in many parts they are very bad, and the ruts very deep ; so that he was obliged to exert his utmost skill, in order to drive us safely.

Three leagues from Cologne is Cumistorf, a small village ; near which a dreadful murder some years ago was committed, attended with shocking circumstances ; a stone is on the place to perpetuate the memory of it.

Four leagues farther Borgheim, a dirty small town where we dined : we had been often astonished at the quickness with which the innkeepers got the dinner ; if we asked for a

piece of veal or mutton roasted, and whether we could have it soon, we were constantly answered in the affirmative; this at last excited our curiosity, and we once went into the kitchen, where we saw a bit of veal destined for our dinner, warming again, though I suppose it had been stewed four or five times before, at least; on our remonstrating that we had ordered it to be roasted, the answer was, that it was as good stewed; and in Switzerland, when we bespoke, at an inn between Berne and Bale, roast beef, they gave it us broiled, and made use of the same answer; so that the only chance you have abroad of having fresh meat at an inn, is, to dine before the table d'hôtes; as they gain so much by them, that they care very little about chance customers; when you dine late, you are almost certain of having things that have been served up several times before, heated for you; they load a

table so much, that it is impossible to eat of all the dishes set before you ; the profit, therefore, of the innkeepers must be very great, as the same dish is perhaps paid for six or seven times. So much by way of digression, which I rely on your goodness to pardon.

Juliers is five leagues from Borgheim.

This day's journey was flat and disagreeable, and the country was chiefly open ; near Juliers, however, there are some pretty woods and villages ; but in the whole it was very different from the beautiful scenes we had lately been witnesses to, and we were some time in accustoming ourselves to the disagreeable change.

Juliers is a small old town, very compact and strongly fortified ; it is the capital of the county of that name, and belongs to the Elector Palatine. The citadel and the barracks are pleasantly situated. There are always

several regiments in them ; the soldiers are very well accoutred, and good looking men ; the dress of the German military is chiefly white, turned up with different colours. The streets of the town are broad, and in the whole, it is far from a disagreeable place. This country abounds in fruit ; we bought more strawberries than we could eat for supper, for a penny.

The next morning we set off from Juliers, and got to this town, five leagues from it, to dinner. The coachman spoke nothing but German, so that we were unwillingly obliged to leave the choice of the inn to him, and he has brought us an St. Martin, which is certainly far from a good one, though the people are civil.

These coachmen generally expect half a crown a day for themselves, and unless you include them in the agreement with the master, are sometimes very troublesome ; but if

you do that, they are contented with a shilling or two for them to drink. We shall stay here a day or two, and I will write to you before we leave it.

Yours, &c.

Aix, June 27, 1789.

THIS is a free imperial town, it is very large and old, and built of brick ; the situation of it is beautiful, in a deep valley, and the environs are charming ; the streets are broad and handsome ; the fauxbourgs are almost as large as the town.

Aix is almost as much frequented, as a public place, as Spa. The assembly room, or *redoute*, as they call it, is a very fine one, one hundred and ten feet by sixteen ; there are besides, a tea, card room, billiard, one for refreshments, &c. ; the company meet here every evening, without form, in any dress, to play at all kinds of games ; they in general play very high. There are besides, regular

ball nights in the season. Just by, are several good inns in which are the warm baths; and they are called after them, *Les Bains de la Rose*, &c. Bathing is very dear, unless you subscribe: the waters which so many persons resort here to drink are of a sulphureous nature, under the assembly room, and opposite to it are piazzas.

Charlemagne built the town on discovering the baths; there is a statue of this great prince in the *Grande Place*, which is a very handsome one. The *Maison de Ville* is in the front of the *Place*; this is a noble building.

The cathedral is a very fine one, the body is a rotund; and in the centre is a parcel of candlesticks in form of a crown, under which this emperor was buried; but his body is now removed to a recess, in which is a monument of him in armour, in wood.

The promenade at Aix is vastly

pretty ; in the whole, strangers may pass some weeks here very pleasantly.

Since we came, there has been a fair held in a strange place, in the cloisters of the cathedral ; the concourse of people was astonishing, and it was very lively.

Instead of florins, they in general count here by escalins, which are each about twelve sols of France ; but stivers are so plentiful at Aix, and copper coin of all sorts, that I received seventy two pieces in change for about eighteen pence English. There are, stivers, half, and quarter, marked on the back, and this town has the privilege of coining.

Aix, as is the case with all public places, is very dear ; and in the season, you frequently give ten or twelve escalins for a bed ; but you dine very well at the table d'hôtes for five. We

have hired an awkward four wheel carriage to Spa, about thirty miles from this town and shall set off to-morrow. I will write to you from thence.

Yours, &c.

Spa, June 28, 1789.

THE first part of the road is excessively sandy and heavy, and so narrow that in many parts two carriages cannot pass ; but the last three or four leagues are paved.

Six miles from Aix, we left the territories of that town, and entered into le Païs de Limbourg, belonging to the Emperor.

We dined at Henri la Chapelle, a small village ; the road to this place is very pretty, and the country woody and romantic ; but there is the greatest poverty among the low people, they have hardly any thing to eat, or to cover them : but the farm houses interspersed here and there, have a great face of neatness and comfort. Four leagues from Henri la

Chapelle, is Batiste, a small village with an exceeding good inn ; here the road divides, one going to Liege and the other to Spa.

The next place we came to was Vervaux, a large handsome town. We soon after ascended a very long hill, from whence we had an extensive and beautiful view of towns, villages, rocks, woods, &c.; this was delightful.

The entrance into Spa is very pretty, after having quitted the road, which had been for many miles hilly and winding among rocks, we found ourselves on an excellent *pavé*, bounded by the town, which has a very pretty appearance from it. We intend staying two or three days, we are in a private house ; which one of those officious people who watch for the entrance of strangers, procured us immediately ; we pay four escalins a day for our room, not quite half a crown, which is very reasonable ; but if it was

in the season, we should not get it for double. I will write before I leave this place.

Yours, &c.

Spa.

THIS justly celebrated place is beautifully situated in a romantic valley, with rocks hanging over it; in hot weather it must be very fatiguing to climb up the high and steep hills, with which it is almost surrounded; even at this time of the year we have been not a little tired with our mountainous walks.

The town is small, but the streets are broad, regular, and remarkably clean; owing to the pavement, which, though not of broad stone, is so even, that after the hardest rain, you may walk out in an hour or two, without any inconvenience arising from the dirt.

The assembly room is very elegant;

ninety feet by sixty, and richly fitted up. The card room is a handsome one of forty five feet square, and there are besides, as at Aix, a tea room, billiards, &c. &c. Although it is not yet the season, the rooms have much company every evening, to play at cards; and it is vastly pretty to see such a number of people of all nations assembled together in one room; the language chiefly spoken is French. The games most in fashion are those of chance; but we have not ventured to play, as the stake is generally very high; and there are here more of that species of men, honoured by the name of black-legs, than in any other public place.

All sorts of money are current at Spa, and guineas are almost as common as with us; for there are more English frequent it than persons of any other nation.

The celebrated mineral waters are near a league distant* ; though there are some in the heart of the town. In all parts of it are shops with various kinds of boxes, on the outside of which are beautiful views of Spa and the environs ; this manufacture is brought to great perfection, and the articles are by no means dear.

There are several excellent inns, and it is by no means uncommon in a full season to give a guinea for a bed.

It is vastly pretty every morning, to see company go to drink the waters ; some on horseback, others in various kinds of carriages, of all nations. They keep very early hours, and it is not uncommon to see them out on an airing, in the beautiful environs, at seven in the morning.

* They are called the Saviniere, Gerousterre, and Tonnelet, Pouhon, and Groisbock.

Autumn is the full season, and people come from Aix to Spá, as that is earlier.

It is, however, very disgusting to see the quantity of beggars, and loathsome objects which are suffered to infest this charming place; so that it is really painful to walk about the town.

We have very good dinners from the *traiteur* at half a crown a head, dressed in the English way*. This is so delightful a *sejour* that we shall leave it with regret, as there is every thing to tempt one to stay some weeks in it; but I hope that at some future time, we shall make amends for our short stay at present. We have hired a heavy coach to convey us to Liege, twenty one miles distant; but

* Fruit is plentiful and cheap at Spa; strawberries are brought from Liege and sold very reasonable though coming so far.

as the road is bad and hilly, we shall be the greatest part of the day performing this little journey, and are to give a guinea. I will write from Liege.

Yours, &c.

Liege, June 29, 1789.

THE first part of the road from Spa, is very pretty, continually winding among rocks covered with wood; but the latter is chiefly over heaths and very dreary, till you descend a long hill to Liege. About three miles from it, we passed through a passage between two rocks cut through them; this was very tremendous, as the late incessant rains, and the number of heavy carriages which had passed, made the road, for about twenty paces, so dangerous, and the ground gave way so much, that we almost thought we were going to the shades below. We stopped at an inn half way between Spa and this town, to refresh the horses: which was in so obscure a

situation, that we could nearly fancy ourselves out of the world ; so far is it removed from the busy haunts of man. The descent to Liege is beautiful ; as you have on all sides of you, woods, meadows, orchards, and a fine view of the city, river, and a plentiful country.

Although the environs of Liege are very pretty, and the country very fertile, yet is the town very disagreeable ; we had not seen a larger since we had quitted Lyons ; but it is very old and dirty, and the police of it is thought to be the worst regulated of any in Europe ; you go in and out without being asked any questions.

The cathedral at Liege is a fine gothic building, but the breadth of the aisles, in my opinion, takes from the venerableness of it. Just by is the palace of the bishop : which is a large square, with piazzas under it ; the building is old, and like the greatest

part in this town, of brick. There are several canons, whose revenues are very good; they make choice of the bishop, who is a prince of the empire, but not very powerful, nor are his dominions large. Spa, however, is in them, as he shewed some time ago, by exerting his authority there; he has about one thousand five hundred troops.

This town is extremely populous, and they reckon in it a hundred thousand people; it is in a deep valley, and so low that you have an exceeding long hill to ascend every way that you go; the Maese divided it into two parts, over which there is a good stone bridge. There are many hop grounds round it, and the beer which they make here is reckoned very good; but we have found it bitter, and not very palatable. There are also many coal mines near it, and they burn nothing else. The smoke of these adds

not a little to the natural dirt of the town.

There are many monks and nuns, in Liege, as may be imagined by there being fifty convents. There are thirty two parishes.

As there is nothing to tempt us to stay long in this dirty city, we have agreed with a man to let us a coach to Louvain, forty two miles distant; which he says we can go in one day with the same horses; but I am sure we must set off early in the morning. I ought not to forget that there are several colleges here for the instruction of young men, they are taken great care of, and live very reasonably, as it is a remarkably cheap and plentiful country. We are at le Canal de Louvain, a very good inn. I will write from Louvain.

Yours, &c.

Louvain, June 30, 1789.

WE set off in the morning from Liege, and dined at Santron*, half way between that and Louvain.

After having ascended the long hill from Liege, the road was a dead flat with no pleasing views to enliven it. When the coach went slow, whole troops of boys and girls accompanied it, falling over their heads and shewing all kinds of tricks, they chattered all the time Patois, which is much spoken in this country, and by the common people at Liege, although the genteel ones of that city usually speak French more than German; which, however, is their language.

* There was a severe battle fought here in the beginning of the French Revolution.

Those persons who understand this Patois, say that it is a very forcible language, and that there are some pretty songs in it.

Santron is a neat little town, and seems to have been strongly fortified.

Barriers in this road are so frequent, that you have one every three or four miles; carriages pay about three or four sous, but as we did not chuse to be troubled with this, we generally included it in our agreement with the voiturier.

Three leagues farther is TurlEMONDE, which is a large and not an unhand-some town; the Grande Place is a very fine one, and has a good inn on it, l'Hotel d'Autriche: here also la Maison de Ville is a handsome building.

Eight leagues from Liege, its territories end, and those of the Emperor begin; here travellers are visited, but not by any means strictly; the best

way in these cases is to give the officer a shilling, whether one has any thing prohibited or not, as it is not pleasant to have ones clothes pulled about for this ; the officer, generally a fine gentleman in an old coarse coat, bag, and deep ruffles, makes a low bow, believes always *la parole de Monsieur*, and wishes him *un bon voyage* ; such are the trusty servants who are paid by their respective sovereigns, for not suffering them to be defrauded of their revenues. I am vèry certain that if we had chosen, for ten or a dozen shillings, we could have taken a trunk full of contraband things, without having it once opened.

Louvain is three leagues from Turlémonde, and our horses were so tired with their heavy coach, that they did not get there till late at night. We were not sorry to get to this town ; as we were heartily tired with the same dull *pavé*, between two rows of trees, and long disagreeable views, with no

variety to enliven the scene; even the fertility of the country made us no amends. We are at la Ville de Cologne, the best inn in the place. I will write once more before we quit Louvain.

Yours, &c.

Louvain.

THIS is one of the most celebrated universities in Europe, consisting of fifty six colleges, many of which are fine buildings. There were two thousand students of all nations, as toleration is allowed ; but the Emperor has now turned many of them out, on account of their seditious principles, as he called them ; and it is at present only the shadow of an university. Many of the colleges are shut up.

We have been, however, au college St. Esprit, the hall and chapel are neat, and not unlike those of our universities ; to compare small with great.

The buildings are in general brick :

the college which the Emperor demolished to make a seminary, was the finest of any. The library is a noble one, considerably above a hundred feet long, and there are more books than can be put into it.

The physic, law, and divinity schools are very good ones, and the lectures read in them were esteemed, and much resorted to. It grieves one to see this ancient seat of learning, so much oppressed by a monarch who is unworthy of having it in his dominions.

The students at Louvain, were of all ages, and many went very young; they are bachelors of arts at four years standing, and licentiates at five. The university was reckoned strict, but the living very reasonable.

The dress of the students was a long gown fastened like a coat with small buttons, and a black cloak and sash;

in the whole, it is very pretty. I am enabled to give this account of them, as when I was at Louvain some years ago, the university flourished much.

The botanic garden is a very good one, with some curious plants, among which was a fig tree whose leaf was eight feet long and above three broad, there was also an aloe, which had flowered, but was since dead. Here also is the anatomical school, in which, as may be supposed, are skeletons, &c. in abundance; and a curious beast, which they call a sea-devil; a most frightful creature.

The students do not, as at our universities, pay for their rooms separately, but have them with their commons; nor is there any distinction among them of pensioners, fellow-commoners, &c. which is certainly a very invidious one; and at the foundation of a seminary of

learning, never was intended to take place ; but in the best institutions perversions will happen.

Louvain is a large and not an unhand-some town, subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of Malines. The fortifications, as in most of the Emperor's towns, are demolished.

The collegiate church is a very fine one ; in the choir is a beautiful gothic pyramid, which is very curious.

But the building which most attracts attention in this town, is the Maison de Ville ; this is a noble and venerable piece of gothic architecture, and cannot fail of meeting with general admiration.

The quay is very neat ; there are passage boats which go every day from hence to Malines, morning and evening, on the Dille, which runs through the town. The distance is four leagues, the same as from Bruxelles.

'There are also coaches, which go twice a day to the last mentioned city; but we have hired a cabriolet for half a guinea, and shall set off to-morrow.

Yours, &c.

Bruxelles, July 3, 1789.

THE road from Louvain to Bruxelles is flat and disagreeable ; but the country is very populous, and no road more frequented. On our right we had a fine view of the noble tower of Malines cathedral ; about half way we passed near the beautiful and rich abbey of Gottenbourg, by a village of that name.

This city is much and justly celebrated, and is a desirable residence ; but I shall only shew Mrs. P. the most curious things in it, such as the parks, cathedral, &c. &c., and then set off on our journey to England.

I find every thing at present very quiet, and all appearance of an insurrection is now done away, and I

sincerely hope that the Emperor will ease the burdens, as much as he can, of this most useful part of his subjects, and study their welfare, and I am convinced that he will find them faithful and loyal; for neither the Brabançons nor Flemings want attachment to their sovereign if they are well treated. We shall go to Calais by Ghent, &c. to avoid the long *trajet* of Ostend.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Calais, July 10, 1789.

WE are safe arrived here, and waiting for a fair wind to embark for Old England.

Our route was by Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk. When I was once more in the former noble city, and shewing Mrs. P. the statue of Charles quint, I could not help looking back to the reign of that prince, under whose auspices, and owing to whose abilities, the states of Europe took a new form, from which there has been little deviation to these times*.

* The present ruler of France in a very short time has nearly accomplished what Charles, who was a prince of great abilities, bravery, and judgment, could not effect in a long reign, nor bring to pass what was the sole study of this reign, universal empire.

To

After Mrs. P. had seen the curious things of Ghent, and made some purchases of lace, of which there is a considerable manufacture, we went by the barge to Bruges, which I found in its native state of dulness, as the strangers which had contributed to its liveliness were entirely gone.

Much as I had been in Flanders, I am sorry to say that I understand but little of the Flemish language. It is

To what then are we to ascribe this sudden change, effected by a man who had no hereditary advantages like Charles, but to the situation of the states, and want of energy of the present princes of Europe, and above all, to that Power who raises princes out of the dust, and from reasons known only to his wisdom, transfers power to them that they may chastise other nations.

In the same manner the empire of France, which he acquired in so extraordinary a manner, is not so much to be ascribed to his own abilities, (not that he is defective in these), as to the peculiar situation of France at the time when he seized the reins of government.

The balance of power, which it was the sole study of Francis the first to preserve against the ambition of Charles the fifth, Buonaparté has destroyed in a very short time.

Low Dutch, and I ought to have profited more by the time I passed there, as there are so many words which much resemble the English language ; but from its vicinity to France, French is universally spoken and understood ; and at Brussels, in one part of the town, only French is spoken.

Here, as at Ghent and Brussels, nothing was talked of but the approaching crisis of things in France ; for none can possibly imagine in the present disorder of things in that kingdom, that the States can meet together without effecting some great and important change in the constitution. Every thing however is tranquil in the *Païs Bas* : whether they will continue so long must depend on the turn which affairs take in the neighbouring kingdom.

From Bruges we went to Newport and Dunkirk. The latter fine town I was as much pleased to shew

my companion as to see it once more myself. We staid there all night, and had the satisfaction of seeing a play, admirably performed. We were at l'Hotel de Flandre, a good inn with carpets, glasses, &c. &c. *à l'Angloise*.

The next morning, we set off for Calais, post, through Gravelines, from whence the road is very bad, over sand hills, &c. so that we expected to be overturned every minute. We were not sorry to find ourselves once more in Monsieur Dessin's splendid hotel.

Thus have we finished our tour, consisting of about one thousand eight hundred miles, and I hope it has proved both useful and entertaining, for to those who wish to peruse the volume of life, and profit by the instructive pages it contains, travelling affords no mean source of knowledge, and knowledge conveyed through the most pleasing channels. Among other things, it softens the manners, *emollit mores*; for when we

see the roughness of the Germans and Swiss, we cannot help studying to avoid this fault, which in them is so disagreeable, and which is to be found too much in this kingdom among the lower classes. When in France, we see the want of the middling order of people, which is so useful in society, we cannot help being sensible of the blessings which Britons enjoy, among whom this order flourishes, enjoying the comforts of life, protected by the best of laws from tyranny and oppression.

Travelling also expands the mind, and furnishes it with new ideas, and teaches us the great art, which no books will do, of knowing mankind. When we find the want of those conveniences of life, which we, above all other nations, abound in, necessity teaches us to substitute other things in their room, and surely to know how to accommodate ourselves to others, is no small gain. In short, when we

travel, we must have fixed a resolution to please and be pleased.

Whoever, therefore, comes back divested of all narrow and illiberal prejudices, which might have induced him to think, that there is nothing good out of his own country, and at the same time does not esteem it necessary to import the follies of other nations, has not travelled in vain ; as he has been fortunate enough to attain the golden medium, by seeing the imperfections of his own and other nations, in an impartial point of view. It may be said, that human nature is the same, though disguised under different appearances, yet is it pleasing to see the various forms it puts on, and though all countries are composed of mountains, vallies, woods, rivers, &c. yet the different disposition of these will afford ample matter for the curiosity of a traveller.

We are now preparing to embark

for England, where I hope soon to see you, and intreat you in person to pardon the numerous defects in my letters, and to assure you that,

I am,

Yours, &c.

IN France they count by crowns, livres, and sous. Their crown, or petit écu, is half a crown English money. A livre is an imaginary coin of ten pence, and two of their sous make one of ours. Their louis d'or is about twenty shillings of our money ; but gold is so scarce with them, that a banker will pay you a hundred pounds in crown pieces.

In Switzerland they count by batzs and cruches. A batz is three sous of France, four of Geneva, and two and a half of the country, and three livres twelve sous of theirs are equal to three livres of France. They also count by an écu neuf.

The Germans count by florins and kreutzers, a florin is sixty kreutzers, and three kreutzers two sous of France ; as also by imperials, which are a florin and a half. They have also large pieces of gold, called souverain, and double souverain, but they are scarce.

At Aix la Chapelle, Liege, and the Low Countries, they count by escalins and plaquets. An escalin of the two former is nine sous, the latter eleven, and about twelve of France. A plaquet is half an escalin.

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